

# JEFFERSON

## MONTHLY

Oregon:  
We die  
differently here

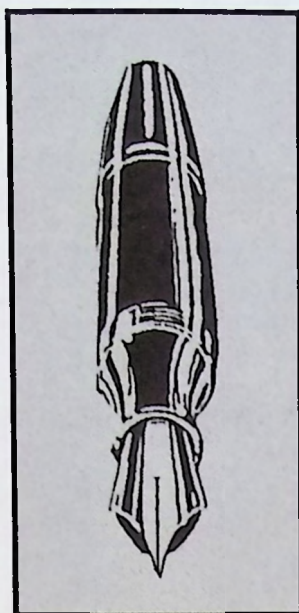
Paging  
Salvador Dali

Is Casey  
Kasem coming?

By the  
light of the  
silvery moon







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| <b>Tuesday</b>   | – Vella Munn, Paula Downing King, Sandra Scofield                          |
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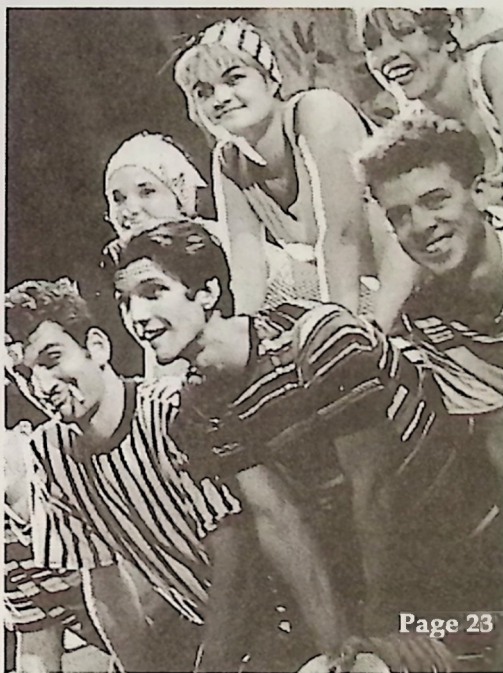
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## Lose some, win some

After reading Barbara Baily's excellent article on AIDS in your April issue, and then the letter from Bill Redmond of Myrtle Creek in your May issue, we're enclosing a check to make up for Redmond's "lost" membership.

We hope others will do the same to make up for any other close-minded people.

Enjoy your new format.

Marjorie and Arthur Fonsgren  
Grants Pass

## Prof flunks Sadler

As a frequent listener to Russell Sadler on the "Jefferson Daily," I was pleased to have an opportunity in the *Jefferson Monthly* to read what he was attempting to say. I hoped that, in print, Sadler would provide some data in support of his assertions, many of which I've found difficult to believe.

Having published research papers in national and international scientific journals since the late 1950s, I find that Sadler uses data very inaccurately or selectively, in an effort to justify his own biases. For example, in your April issue, in his piece on expanding Oregon's tax base, he says, "The largest employer in the state is Fred Meyer, with more than 12,000 employees," and then proceeds to list the "top ten" in descending order down to McDonald's, "which employs 4,100." In fact, however, the largest employer in Oregon is the state of Oregon, with 52,000 employees in 1990. Of these 52,000, 19,000 work in education (far more than at Fred Meyer), and 4,100 in public welfare (the same number as at McDonald's). The total of 52,000 was up from 44,000 in 1986, an 18% increase in only four years.

And it's not only the state that employs more Oregonians than Fred Meyer. In 1990, the federal government had over 29,000 of our citizens on its payroll, of whom 3,100 were civilians employed by the Department of

Defense.

Do Oregon's 81,000 public employees pay state taxes? You bet they do. So we've now greatly expanded the tax base, by including the many workers whom Sadler chose to disenfranchise with his selective use of statistics.

And what does Sadler mean when he writes that, "in terms of demographics, the new arrivals [in Oregon] aren't at all like those who departed"? How are the new arrivals different from the 90,000 Oregonians who leave each year? That the 52,000 Californian newcomers are fleeing standards of living reduced by Proposition 13 and "cuts in the Federal defense budget" is a gross oversimplification. Sadler makes no mention of the greatly increased crime in California, as well as that state's drug trafficking, smog, traffic congestion, poor driving habits, big increases in immigration, and numbers living on the public dole.

I have to agree with Sadler that Oregon's tax system needs reform, but not that this can be done just by increasing taxes or shifting them from personal income and residential property to business. Nowhere, for example, does Sadler mention reducing government spending, though the greatest proportion of waste is in the Legislature and the administrative sector, with too many high-priced administrators and legislators and their bloated staffs, many with overlapping duties.

The same waste is found in the educational sector, even locally, with positions such as director of support services (\$60,000), four counselors (\$36,500 to \$41,500 each), two elementary physical-education specialists (\$45,000 each), and three elementary media specialists (\$17,700 each). You could find all of these in the small Phoenix-Talent school district in 1990, and all were slated to be cut, depending on the 1990-91 budget level, as among the least important to the district's educational function.

We must look more closely at the functions we want our schools to perform, and how important they really are. We need to save the classroom teachers, for they're the necessary factor in education, and their position fully justifies their \$30,550 average salary in the Phoenix-Talent district.

Another example of waste, this time in the federal government, glares out at us from the recent report that Erickson Air Crane of Central Point had to obtain written approval from 38 different government agencies to lift the statue from atop the Capitol in Washington, D.C.

We Oregonians can readily expand our tax base by millions of taxpayers, without any increase in our population. One of our largest industries doesn't generate its share of tax revenue. I refer, of course, to tourism. A sales tax on purchases and services, excluding unprepared food, works for almost every other state in the U.S. And tourists expect to pay a sales tax. Moreover, under a sales tax, those who spend the most must pay the most, and there are no loopholes, as in the income-tax system. A sales tax must not be initiated, however, without an adjustment in the property-tax and income-tax structure.

In future columns, I hope Sadler will either research his statistics more completely and report them more accurately without his bias showing, or — better yet — just stick to pieces like the one titled "Gone fishing" in your May issue. Had any of my graduate students submitted an analysis based on such "loose data" as Sadler employed in his April column, they'd never have received their degrees.

P.S. I see you now have a section labeled "Fiction." I suggest you place Sadler's writings in that category.

H. Everett Hrubant, PhD  
Talent

## Minority report

I'll be leaving Oregon soon, after a year of school at Rogue Community College, and I'm writing to thank Jefferson Public Radio for being a great station. You've provided me with news, music, and more.

I've been amused by the left-right confrontations on the air and in the *Jefferson Monthly*.

I think NPR's "All Things Considered" ["More of the Same?", May] is fairly well balanced. Being an Inupait Eskimo, I was surprised to see a Yupik Eskimo listed among NPR's "regular commentators," although I don't remember hearing him/her. If I have a



complaint about "All Things Considered," it's that they bend over backwards to be "politically correct."

As a member of a minority group myself, I feel pity and disdain for minority people who believe, or claim, that "society" owes them something. All I ask is that I be treated like everyone else and, if I can't take it from there, that's my problem.

But to stir up a little more controversy, in my opinion the worst thing that ever happened to public colleges is "equal-opportunity education."

Way back when, someone noticed that there weren't as many minorities in colleges as there are in the country. This led to the "aim low, avoid disappointment" view of higher education. And so there are kids going to college today who can't read or write, and can't multiply or divide without a calculator.

Let's hear what the *Jefferson Monthly's* readers have to say about that.

Harry Kermacyn  
Grants Pass

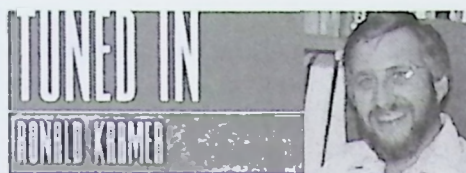
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## Is Casey Kasem in our future?

A RECENT ARTICLE by Rachel Anne Goodman in the *Utne Reader* accuses many major-market public-radio stations of "selling out" in an effort to broaden their base. As Goodman tells it, these stations, pressured by competition, and tempted by the income to be derived from increased membership and underwriting, have been jettisoning an eclectic mix of alternative-music styles in favor of what amounts to the jazz-and-classical equivalent of commercial radio's Top 40 format.

To Goodman, cultural pluralism is the main casualty of this trend, and she's understandably concerned about it, as are several listeners who've sent me copies of her article, together with expressions of relief that a similar state of affairs isn't in evidence at Jefferson Public Radio.

Now, as it happens, I know and respect Goodman. Some years ago, I spent many hours on the phone with her while she was working on another article, and I found her thorough and probing. I also happen to agree with much of her thesis in the *Utne Reader*. But I think she left out part of the story.

Institutions, whether commercial or non-profit, have in common a compulsion to endure that doesn't disappear when the needs they were created to meet change or evolve.

Let's say the product a business was started to manufacture is going out of fashion. The business, if it's operated by sane people, won't just close its doors; it'll attempt to diversify. Of course, the situation isn't quite analogous for public radio, at least where its "product" is concerned, because no one else has figured out how to provide this type of content-intensive programming at a profit. But the economic conditions under which public radio operates have changed, significantly, since NPR debuted in 1970. And it's to these

economic changes that stations must adapt, if they're to remain in existence.

For one thing, audience expectations have grown dramatically in the past two decades. In 1970, listeners in areas fortunate enough to have one of the 70 public-radio stations then in existence tended to be forgiving if their station suffered from technical problems. They figured the station's management was short on cash, and doing the best it could. Twenty-three years later, though, public radio is more likely to be taken for granted. Listeners are less tolerant of lapses, and this in turn increases the pressure on public stations to try to match in technical sophistication the service provided by commercial broadcasters with much bigger budgets.

In the early '70s, too, to be eligible for federal support, public stations had to employ a minimum of three full-time staffers and be on the air 12 hours a day, six days a week. By contrast, in 1993, to enjoy the same eligibility, stations have to employ a minimum of five full-time staffers, broadcast at least 18 hours a day every day of the year, and have a budget of over \$200,000, exclusive of federal revenue.

THE FEDERAL government began its relationship with NPR by providing each member station with one tax dollar for every three the station raised in its community. The idea was that the "carrot" of federal matching funds would stimulate the "horse" of the community to start pulling the "cart" of public radio. Unfortunately, it wasn't long before the government backed off from this one-to-three ratio, under pressure from politicians who maintained it was too costly, or who dismissed public radio as an unnecessary frill. Indeed, so sharply has federal support for public radio dropped in recent years that JPR today gets just 18% of its revenues from the Corporation for Public Broadcasting. That's down from 33% in 1980 — and the percentage continues to decline in the '90s.

So, when Goodman accuses major-market stations of selling out, she may be right — but it's not because the people in charge of those stations are sellouts by inclination. I know many of these people, and take my word for it, they're not "bad," and they do care. But



they also operate in cutthroat markets where a multitude of broadcasters vie for listeners conditioned to expect costly slickness of presentation. And if slickness is what listeners want, and if public stations losing federal dollars are increasingly dependent on listener support, can you blame these stations for trying to attract more listeners with more slickness?

The same goes for underwriters, with whom public stations have a tough line to walk. For here the challenge is to replace federal funds with business dollars, without letting commercial interests get out of hand.

**T**O SUM UP, then. When the federal government decided to help bring public radio into existence, it did so because of the 50-year failure of the commercial marketplace to provide the kind of programming we have today on JPR. Unfortunately, the government retreated from the level of its original commitment, to the point where what would today have been a \$600 million appropriation is down to \$292 million. And this is why you see some public stations becoming increasingly aggressive and "commercial," in ways that trouble Goodman. These stations are simply trying to survive by adapting to changing conditions.

Here in southern Oregon and northern California, we tend to be somewhat sheltered from the fierce competitive pressures of the major markets. Not that we're immune from these pressures, but I think the struggle is a little easier for us, because our audiences are closer, and the sense of community stronger. All the same, the handwriting is on the wall for us, too, and we can't hope to escape forever the trends Goodman has identified. We're just farther behind the curve of change, and suffering somewhat less, for the moment.

So that, if you saw and were disturbed by Goodman's article, the person to write to is your congressman, not me. Remember — if we want to preserve public radio, we have to preserve the unique conditions that make it possible and distinguish it from commercial broadcasting.

Ronald Kramer is Jefferson Public Radio's director of broadcasting.

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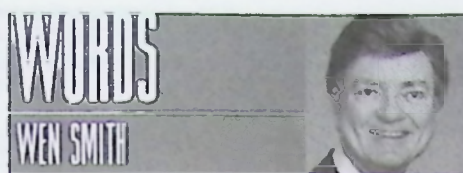
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## Learning to speak a foregone language

**B**E APPRAISED that today's column will be a minefield of disinformation about how words are misused. Dig into it at your own risk.

Language is a voracious way to commute with people. By the time you learn your language well enough to be affluent in it, you may have observed certain accentricities in the garrulent speech of many who circumvent you. You may feel as if you'd moved to some foregone country, become an expatriot, and now have to master a new and unfamiliar patio.

How do people acquire such a toxic arsenal of words? How does the human mind spume such a mixup in vocables? The deficit comes by many causeways, and we'll now derange those in order of indifference and discuss several aspersions of the problem.

Derangement of speech seems to gesticulate simultaneously and in copious ways. One of the most visceral sources is a bacterious attack through the ear, causing us to hear words in a confiscatory form. The result is latent abuse of words, the beginning of what's known to scholars as malediction, or "bad mouthing."

The origin of the torturous habit of distending words out of their normal, authentacious forms has been traced to Brother Proximus (960-1004 A. D.), one of the Maledictines who monkeyed around with manurescripts in dark cages.

Proximus had a forked tongue, having been careless while eating spaghetti, and so developed an unfortuitous speech disordure. He said things like *constipation* instead of *conflagration*, *genosect* instead of *genuslect*, and *horizons* instead of *orisons*. He couldn't say a simple cogenital prayer without arising the wroth of the Deity.

To save the brotherhood, Proximus was at last forced to a vow of silence

and thereafter stuck to the pen. But it was too late, for the pernicious malodor had already defected much of the known populous as well as all of the unknown. Malediction had already brought intellectuals to drub the era as the "Muddle Ages."

Even today science has no anecdote for the virility that causes malediction. Nearly everybody in early childhood is subjunct to the same pituitous disorder that inflected Brother Proximus. Some are more profligate than others and never outgrow their early tenacity for the disease.

Once inflicted, the victim is doomed, his facility for language irreparably altared. Thereafter he picks up words by immolation, listening to what others say and copy-catenating them. He hears the word *nuclear* and it sounds like *nucular* or even *binocular*. He speaks by imparity, not fully compromising his own words.

What's worse, if depraved of simulating company, the victim learns from bad preambles. He hears a friend misuse a word, and not being acquiescent with that word, he immerses the distorted form into his own wordstock without gasping all its semiotic imputations.

As he goes through life talking, the immensurate disease runs the gambit of his usage. He scatters words like buckshot in a vein belief that at least a module of them will fall upon a comprehensive ear. Little does he realize, as he sails the open seas of variable digress, that he isn't communerating at all.

**M**ALEDICTION IS NOW an epicuric, and those of us not yet burdened by the cursive defect must devout ourselves to stomping it out. Since there is no known cure, prevention is imperious. Early detracton is helpful if followed by immediate resurgence and vigilants.

If your friends show systems of the mendacious disorder, they're probably crying out for sucker. Offer it freely. Show tendentious, loving care. But remember that malediction is a highly contiguous disease. Many of the afflictive show no open sufferance but may be unwetting careers of the virulous.

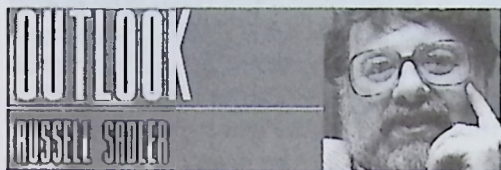
You yourself, though you may be a paradigm of usage and scrupulantly



avoid contract with bad-mouth syndrome, may be vulgarable. If you suspect that to be the case, if you've begun to talk like Brother Proximus as you innocently ask someone to "pass the buttered peace," it's time to decline in bed, take a couple of aspirants, and confide yourself for several days to monosybilants by word of mouth.

And if you do nothing else, stay off the sauce.

Wen Smith's *Speaking of Words* is heard on the *Jefferson Daily* every Monday afternoon, and on *KSOR's First Concert* Saturdays at 10 a.m.



## Cops and robbers

**I**S THE STATE Legislature turning our cops into robbers?

I ask the question quite seriously.

Measure 5 budget cuts will reduce the number of state police on the highways, and the Legislature, reluctant to raise replacement funds by reforming the state's antiquated and unbalanced tax system, is looking for a way — any way, no matter how dubious — to put the cops back on patrol.

Thus the state Senate recently passed a bill adding a \$40 surcharge to speeding tickets issued to truckers. The money this surcharge will generate is continually appropriated toward the salaries of state police.

This isn't a new practice, of course. The late Dave Burks, when he was sheriff in Lane County, solemnly promised taxpayers they wouldn't pay for a new traffic team, and that the team's salaries would be paid from traffic fines. City manager Mike Gleason, too, made a pledge to the taxpayers of Eugene that fines, not taxes, would pay for additional traffic patrols.

No one has yet successfully challenged this practice, and it's being adopted in other cities and counties. And yet unashamedly to pay police from the traffic tickets they issue,

without even the fig leaf of appropriation through some elected official, raises the question just how objective law-enforcement officers can be in writing traffic tickets, when the revenue from those tickets is their salary.

Surcharges on traffic tickets aren't new in Oregon either. The Legislature already imposes them on all tickets, to pay for a laundry list of government programs. When you pay a ticket, you're also underwriting the Police Training Academy in Monmouth, victims' compensation and the salaries of victims'-rights bureaucrats, boating-law enforcement, treatment for drunk drivers, the cost of drivers' records supplied to district attorneys by the Department of Motor Vehicles, and the salaries of bureaucrats in the Department of Human Resources. The surcharge on your ticket is providing revenue for the state's general fund, too.

Unfortunately, the state doesn't just take the surcharge from tickets. It also demands a share of the revenue from fines, and this encourages local governments with speed traps to cite violators into misnamed "justice" courts. If a county sheriff cites a traffic offense into district court, the county has to split the fine with the state. But, if he cites the same offense into justice court, the county gets to keep the whole fine. Hence the sudden proliferation of justice courts, and the near-hysterical reaction to Rep. Jim Edmunson's bill to abolish them, or at least require justices of the peace to be lawyers.

The problem isn't that JPs are untrained in the law. The problem is that there's no justice in too many justice courts.

**W**HEN I WAS invited to bring these observations to the attention of the state's JPs and municipal judges at their annual convention, I got a surprisingly mixed reaction. The situation I've described, it seems, isn't universal. Some JPs from eastern Oregon said that, if county sheriffs are throwing a little extra business their way, they haven't noticed. But others told me privately that things are even more serious than I suspected.

"The city manager placed two pieces of paper in front me," one municipal

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judge from western Oregon told me. "One was my proposed budget, and the other was a record of the fines my court levied in the previous year. My operating budget exceeded the fine revenue, and the city manager said he wouldn't make up the difference out of tax money. The implication was obvious. I'd have to levy more fines to avoid a deficit."

Despite official denials, law-enforcement officers and employees privately insist there are unwritten quotas for traffic tickets, to ensure sufficient operating revenue. A former Jackson County employee said she actually saw a flood of traffic tickets issued at the end of every month to meet budget projections. And people who drive to Sunriver, Gold Beach, and other recreational

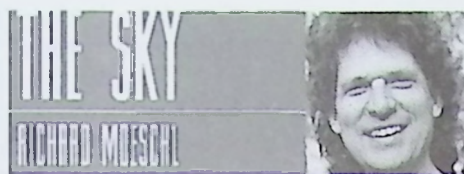
spots regularly tell me that end-of-the-month traffic dragnets are as predictable as the seasons.

Even though the link between ticket quotas and law-enforcement budgets is now transparent, most judges continue to treat the testimony of traffic officers as if the officers were disinterested professionals, instead of bureaucrats protecting their jobs. Could this be because so many JPs and municipal judges are protecting their jobs as well?

I believe in the police and the Thin Blue Line between order and anarchy. I also believe justice courts are the people's courts. But those who report this growing conflict of interest are professionals forced into doing what they know is unethical.

What it comes down to is that the end doesn't justify the means. Law enforcement can't expect continuing credibility if the Legislature and local governments insist on making tax collectors out of the cops and the courts.

Russell Sadler's *Oregon Outlook* is heard Monday through Friday on Jefferson Public Radio's *Morning News* and on the *Jefferson Daily*.



## By the light of the silvery moon

**F**OR THE moon, till then unique in the universe, it was a very bad year.

I refer to 1610, when Galileo, peering into his newly invented telescope, became the first to discover that there were other moons out there in space.

In the same year, the German astronomer Simon Marius added insult to injury by coming up with exotic names for the four moons discovered by Galileo in orbit around Jupiter. Marius called the four Io, Europa, Ganymede, and Callisto, after mythological lovers of the Greek god Zeus, whom the Romans called Jupiter.

More moons have of course been discovered since Galileo's time, not only around Jupiter, but around other planets as well, and astronomers have continued Marius' practice of naming them after characters from Greek mythology.

Neither Mercury nor Venus has moons, but Mars has two, Phobos (Fear) and Deimos (Panic). These were the sons of the Greek god of war, Ares, whom the Romans called Mars.

Also orbiting Mars is Mariner 9, launched in 1971, the first artificial satellite to orbit a planet other than Earth. Johannes Kepler, as important a figure in the history of astronomy as Galileo, was the first, by the way, to use the word *satellite* in reference to a body orbiting a planet.

It's to space probes like Mariner 9 that we owe our first look at the far side of the moon, and our first spectacular views of the moons of the outer planets. Some of the more memorable images sent back from space by probes have been those of Saturn's Titan (after the race of giants) and Neptune's Triton (one of Neptune's sons).

Where appropriate characters from Greek mythology have been lacking for newly discovered moons, scientists have turned to Shakespeare. Thus, Miranda and Ariel, from *The Tempest*,

and Titania and Oberon, from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, can all be found orbiting Uranus.

Pluto's lone moon, Charon, is named for the boatman in Greek mythology who ferried the souls of the dead across the river Styx.

So why, having adopted all these romantic names for other moons, do we continue to call our own romantic satellite simply and prosaically the moon? Your guess is as good as mine — but the moon has been generous in return, providing us with the word *month*, since the lunar calendar was one of the earliest in use.

Speaking of *lunar*, it comes from the Latin word for moon, *luna*, which also gave us *lunatic* and *loony*. It's to *luna*, too, that the French and the Spaniards are obliged, not only for their names for the moon, but for their names for the second day of the week, *lundi* and *el lunes*.

As for us, we get Monday from the Old English words for moon and day.

The Greeks called the moon Selene, after the sister of Helios, the sun, and Eos, the dawn. And now you know why the science of mapping the moon is called selenography.

**T**O THE Romans, the moon was Diana, the huntress, sister of the sun god, Apollo. The ancients noticed that vegetation flourished during nights of heavy dew, and that there was more dew when the moon was shining in a clear sky, so it was said among them that Diana, accompanied by water nymphs, roamed the woods and fields by night, and that you could feel her presence beside rivers, fountains, and marshes. The practice, still prevalent among many farmers and gardeners, of planting by moonlight can be traced to these beliefs. Perhaps because of the moon's dewy associations, too, early selenographers called the large dark areas on its surface seas, marshes, lakes, oceans, and bays. But the astronauts who landed in the Sea of Tranquility found no signs of water.

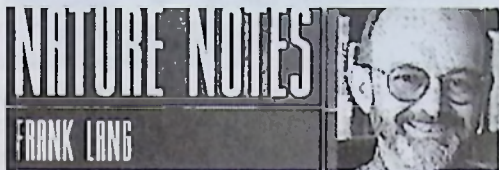
The craters on the moon are named for scientists and historical and literary figures. Many of us also have a favorite moon — the harvest moon, the blue moon, the full moon, etc. — but the moon itself remains aloof in its anonymity, for reasons perhaps best



hinted at by Shelley:

*Art thou pale for weariness  
Of climbing heaven, and gazing on the  
earth,  
Wandering companionless  
Among the stars that have a different  
birth —  
And ever-changing, like a joyless eye  
That finds no object worth its constancy?*

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Starlight Theater, heard on Jefferson Public  
Radio's Rhythm & News and News &  
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## Priest's religion was plants

**B**ACK IN 1876, Edward Lee Greene, an Episcopal priest and impassioned naturalist, couldn't contain his excitement when he learned of the church he'd been assigned to.

In a letter dated Feb. 27 of that year, Greene wrote as follows to Asa Gray, a regular correspondent of his, and at the time the professor of botany at Harvard, if not in the United States:

"The place where I am going I am sure it will please you to hear the name of, unmusical — and to my ear sounding like a cross between ancient Greek and modern Digger Indian — though it be.

"My address is to be Yreka, Siskiyou Co. away up between Mt. Shasta & Klamath River!! I can hardly sleep nights since I have secured my appointment to that field of missionary labor, so delighted am I.

"I have now a pretty ample supply of sermons on hand: don't mean to compose new ones all next spring, summer and fall: but to herborize to my heart's content. 'Deo volente it diabolus nolente' as Chas. Lamb would have it."

Greene's tenure at St. Laurence's

(now St. Mark's) in Yreka was brief. The reason for his departure isn't known, but it probably had to do with his greater enthusiasm for herborizing — that is, for botany — than for preaching. By April 9, 1877, in any case, Greene, as his letters to Gray show, was the Episcopal priest in Silver City, N.M. His entries in the "Report of Official Acts" at St. Laurence's abruptly ended on Jan. 21, 1877. The next entry, dated April 8, was made by the Rt. Rev. JHD Wingfield, Bishop of Northern California.

Greene had much better luck as a botanist at Yreka. Of the numerous specimens he collected and sent to Gray, two were outstanding. Greene's mariposa lily is now blooming in the oak woodlands north of Yreka, near the Oregon border and Little Shasta Meadow. If cows or deer haven't nipped off the buds, the plant's inch-and-a-half-long bright-purplish or lilac blossoms are hard to miss.

The other, equally handsome plant discovered by Greene, the Siskiyou four-o'clock, *Mirabilia greenei*, was in full bloom on the rock bluffs above the highway to Irongate Reservoir in early May. Its clustered stems with thick ovate leaves bear very showy purple

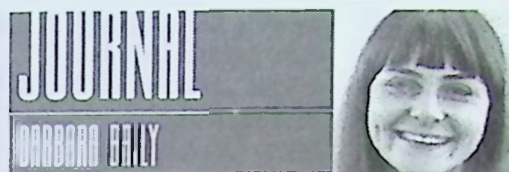
petal-like sepals up to just over an inch and a half long. If you should be fortunate enough to see these

plants in the wild, please don't dig them up. Leave them for others to enjoy.

Greene's career as an Episcopal priest didn't end in New Mexico. He went on to become the priest at St. Mark's in Berkeley, Calif., where, however, he was defrocked. He then became the first professor of botany at the University of California in Berkeley, and one of the west's most famous early botanists. What goes around comes around, as they say.

(My thanks to the Gray Herbarium at Harvard University for permission to quote from Greene's letter.)

Dr. Frank Lang's Nature Notes can be heard Fridays on the Jefferson Daily and Saturdays at 8:30 a.m. on JPR's Classics & News service.



## In it together

**W**HO SAYS oil and water don't mix? Displaced timber workers and environmentalists will be the joint beneficiaries of two star-studded concerts that should pack the Emigrant Lake concert bowl with country-music lovers next month.

Lyle Lovett and his Large Band will perform at 6 p.m. on Aug. 15, and Emmylou Harris at 7 p.m. on Aug. 16.

Lovett, who was nominated for a Grammy this year, has been praised by *Rolling Stone* for his "wicked intelligence."

Harris, who won a Grammy this year for her album "At the Ryman," is a legendary country and country-rock musician.

The two concerts are being sponsored by Headwaters and the Rogue Institute for Ecology and Economy, in association with Jefferson Public Radio and radio station KRWQ in Gold Hill.

Half of the net proceeds will go to the Cascadia Revolving Loan Fund, which supplies investment capital to small contractors, workers' cooperatives, and forest-products workers reestablishing themselves in new fields. The rest of the proceeds will benefit Headwaters, a non-profit environmental umbrella group dedicated to the protection of the region's watersheds.

You can get tickets for \$17, or \$30 for both shows, if you buy them by July 15. After that, the price rises to \$19.50, or \$35 for both shows. Kids are half-price. For locations of ticket outlets, or to order by credit card, call 503-488-4432. For mail orders, write TICKETS, P. O. Box 729, Ashland, OR 97520. Tickets purchased by credit card or mail are subject to a \$1-per-ticket service charge.

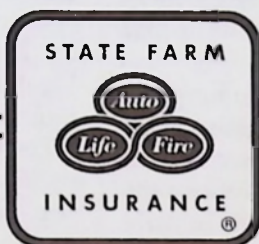
**What's in a Name:** Remember Beyond War? The Palo Alto-based group, which used to work for better relations with the Soviet Union, has, since the demise of that entity, changed its name to the Foundation for Global Community (FGC).

"Since the changes in the former





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Soviet Union," says local spokeswoman Nona Forrester, "the threat of war isn't so prominent, so we've broadened our focus to include education, the resolution of conflict without violence, and health-care funding."

FGC also sent a delegation to the environmental summit in Rio de Janeiro last year.

"There were a lot of people there from the Third World," Forrester says, "and when we said we all needed to change, they accused the U.S. of using up all the resources, and wanted to know what we planned to do about it. A group of us are exploring that."

Other FGC members are involved in mediation, and in supporting the Northwest Museum of Natural History in Ashland. The group meets on two Wednesday mornings each month. For more information, call 582-3689.



**Cure for Writer's Block:** The Riverfront Playhouse in Redding is holding a competition for playwrights. The winning play will be staged at the playhouse during the Christmas holidays.

Plays must be full-length — no one-acters, please — and have a Christmas theme. They can be comedies, dramas, or musicals, but must contain at least two characters — bigger casts are preferable — and be suited to simple sets and costumes. All entries must be conceived specifically for production at the playhouse, and be postmarked no later than Aug. 2. For official rules and an entry form, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: RP Competition, P.O. Box 105, Palo Cedro, CA 96073.



**Fun for Little Monsters:** *Frankenstein Slept Here*, a comedy for children by Tim Kelly, will open on July 2 at 8 p.m. at the Gold Beach Summer Theatre in Docia Sweet Hall, 950 S. Ellensburg, Gold Beach. Among the dramatis personae are Baroness Frankenstein, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Medusa, Vampira, the Mummy, and Mad Igor, but the producers stress that the show, directed by Sandy Kirk, isn't too scary for little kids.

Performances are also scheduled at 8 p.m. on July 3, 8-10, 16-18, and 23-24, with a 2 p.m. matinee on July 11.

Tickets, available at the door, are \$2.50 for children and \$7 for adults. ☞



# Oregon: We die differently here

**A** FRIEND OF MINE is madly in love with the home she recently scraped up enough money to buy, after years of living in apartments.

"I'm going to die in this house," she announced to me the other day, after taking me on a tour of its five or six modest rooms.

"In that case," I suggested, "why don't you arrange to have yourself buried in the backyard?"

Naturally, being from the tradition-bound and overcrowded east coast, my friend thought I was kidding. And she's probably still not quite convinced I wasn't putting her on when I proceeded to explain that, where the disposition of mortal remains is concerned, attitudes are different in Oregon than in most other places.

If you don't believe me either, ask Bev Sanne.

A white-collar employee of Jackson County, Sanne has buried family members on her property in the past, and expects to do so again.

"Oregon might be the only state left where anyone who lives in a rural area can start a private cemetery," she says. "The state and county laws governing the process are relatively simple."

According to the Oregon State Mortuary and Cemetery Board (Suite 430, 800 NE Oregon #21, Portland, OR 97232; 503-731-4040), if you want to

create your own cemetery, all you have to do is designate on the deed to your property the spot that will be reserved for burials. This is a designation in perpetuity — that is, once a body is interred there, the spot becomes a private cemetery, and remains one forever, no matter how many times the property may change hands afterwards.

with the sheriff's department.

"People walking through the woods may stumble over a headstone and report it," she explains. "And, if the sheriff's department can't immediately find the person who owns the grave, they'll disinter the body to make sure foul play wasn't involved. So graves need to be recorded."

The graves in Sanne's private plot contain only ashes. She didn't bury bodies in them — but she could have, if she'd wanted to.

Under state law, a body must be buried or cremated within 24 hours of death. If that's not practical, the body must be refrigerated or embalmed within 24 hours. If a body is buried within 24

hours, it needn't be embalmed or refrigerated. A body that's refrigerated till burial doesn't have to be embalmed.

**T**O SATISFY state requirements immediately after the death of a person who's to be interred in a private graveyard, the easiest course to follow is to make arrangements with a mortician to handle the inevitable paperwork.

You don't necessarily have to have the mortuary or the crematory pick up the body. If the deceased dies under the care of a physician who'll sign a certificate giving the cause of death, you yourself

***'Oregon might be the only state left where anyone can start a private cemetery'***

The burial rights also belong to you in perpetuity, though you can extend them to relatives and future owners.

Burial rights in a private cemetery can't be sold. That is, you can't take money from your neighbor to bury his grandmother in your plot. However, if you never actually use your burial rights, you can sell the plot as a private cemetery to a new owner.

The process isn't without pitfalls for do-it-yourself undertakers.

For example, because people usually locate private cemeteries in discreet corners of rural acreage, Sanne warns that it's a good idea to register all graves

BY MIKE KOTLAN



can legally transport the body to the mortuary or the crematory — but nowhere else. Of course, if you're keeping the body refrigerated prior to home burial, you don't have to transport it anywhere.

If no physician is available to write the death certificate, the county medical examiner must perform an autopsy.

Death certificates are available from the state Vital Records Office in Portland (731-4095), together with two types of metal identification disks, one for cremation and the other for burial. The first page of the death certificate must be filed with the state within five days of the death, and before the body is buried or cremated. The white and pink copies go to the county health department, and the yellow and green copies accompany the body to the cemetery or crematory.

The metal disk must be attached to the receptacle containing the remains.

One witness must sign the yellow and green copies verifying that the body has been disposed of, and that the number on the metal disk is the same as the number on the copies, which must be filed with the Vital Records Office within ten days of the disposition of the body.

**O**NCE A BODY is cremated, and the death certificate has been filed, the state has no interest in what you do with the ashes. If a body is buried, however, burial is prohibited within 100 feet of a well or spring used for drinking water, within 50 feet of a stream, river, or lake, or within 25 feet of a property line.

Before undertaking any home burial, you should of course check with the county you live in, as regulations may vary. (If you live in a city, home burial may not be possible at all, because of the small size of most urban lots. Check with city hall.)

Sanne, who has three relatives buried in her cemetery, handled the whole process herself. After cremation, she selected the sites, dug the graves, covered the remains, and put markers in place. She recommends using a post-

hole digger for burying ashes.

Sanne created her own cemetery because she wanted to be near her dead and able to tend their graves. For many people, however, there's a more practical reason for choosing home burial — the high cost of conventional funerals.

Take the experience of Carol Fischer of Central Point. When Fischer's father

save money, but for the sake of her own peace of mind.

"I wouldn't have him sent down there with a total stranger," she says.

If you want to transport a dead body yourself from Oregon to California, it's no problem. All you need is a \$7 permit from each state. And so Fischer, her son, Morgan, and her daughter, Julie, loaded her father's coffin into the back of the family pickup and, with Morgan at the wheel, set off on a 1,000-mile journey necessitated by her father's wish to be buried alongside his late wife.

The back of the pickup was enclosed in a camper shell with dark windows, so it wasn't obvious what was in it, but the trip was nerve-racking for Fischer all the same.

"The biggest thing was measuring to be sure the pickup was big enough," she says. "I was afraid the whole time something would happen, like one of those movies where the coffin falls out of the back of the truck onto the freeway."

As it turned out, there were a few inches to spare between the coffin and the tailgate of the pickup, so the coffin had to be wedged in to make sure it had no play. But, even though every precaution was taken to secure the coffin, when they stopped at a motel for the night Fischer's son was at pains to back the pickup right up against a wall, so the tailgate was flush against it.

**L**OOKING BACK on the experience today, Fischer doesn't regret it. "I think you have a closeness about it," she says. "Relationships with people don't end just because they've died."

Still, she feels that parents, before they buy adjacent funeral plots as hers did, should take into account the possibility that one may die long before the other, and that the survivor and the children may be carried by circumstances a great distance from the cemetery.

Some people solve the problem of joint burials, in cases where the surviving spouse is likely to live on for years afterwards, by storing the ashes of the dead spouse, instead of burying them. For example, Ron Bjork of Eagle

**Sanne created her own cemetery because she wanted to be near her dead and able to tend their graves. For many people, however, there's a more practical reason for choosing home burial — the high cost of conventional funerals**

died recently, the funeral cost her nearly \$4,000. That figure breaks down as follows: \$565 for the funeral director, \$185 for the embalming, \$185 to take the body to the mortuary, \$1,387 for a casket, \$425 for a viewing room with an open casket, \$670 for the receiving room, \$234 for the grave liner, \$51 for a marker, and \$17 for endowment care.

In retrospect, Fischer says she could have done without the viewing room, and to this day she's not sure what exactly the \$234 grave liner was. But the alternative to the \$1,387 casket was a \$100 pine box that lacked even a cloth liner and was so shoddy-looking she couldn't bear the idea of burying her father in it.

The total price of the funeral — which didn't include the cost of the grave site — was split between a mortuary in Oregon and the cemetery in southern California where Fischer's father was laid to rest.

It would have cost Fischer \$900 more if she'd had the mortuary transport her father's body from Oregon to California, but she didn't. Instead, she elected to drive the coffin down herself — not to



Point doesn't know yet where his grandparents will finally lie and, since only one has passed away, Bjork has built a concrete crypt on his land for the ashes.

He could have stored the ashes in a warehouse, but, like Sanne, he feels the need to be near the departed.

For those averse to home burial but depressed by the thought of impersonal Forest Lawn-type establishments that are in effect businesses whose product is graves, cemeteries like the one in Trail offer an alternative.

Trail is a two-store town in a hook off Highway 62, on the road to Crater Lake. The hook is a loop called Trail Creek Road, and the only location marker on it is for Trail Cemetery, which, though fair-sized, is a private cemetery just like the one on Sanne's property. That is, there's no charge for the privilege of being buried in it.

Trail Cemetery came into existence as a private cemetery in 1884, when a newborn infant named George W. Trusty was laid to rest on the property.

Little George was the sole occupant till 1891 and, though I couldn't find his grave during a recent visit, Mildred McWhorter says that's probably because some of the early markers had the names of the deceased just scratched lightly on their surfaces, with no

provision for the action of the elements.

McWhorter, a diminutive 58-year-old farmer, is one of the three trustees of the Trail Cemetery Association, of which her son, Eddie, is the current chairman. As she tells it, in 1891, George Trusty was joined in the cemetery by William Macklin, 65, and Bert Moss, 74. Thomas Martin, 60, arrived in 1893. The first woman to be buried in the cemetery — under what tragic circumstances one can only speculate — was 30-year-old Almeda Dawson, in 1895.

**O**VER THE succeeding years, ten members of the Oliver family were buried in Trail Cemetery, but George Trusty had to wait till 1939 to be joined by a relative, John Henry Trusty, born in 1853.

By 1941, there were 85 graves, and the association was created to oversee the cemetery's affairs.

There's nothing impersonal about this burial ground.

Every year, on the last Saturday before

**For those depressed  
by Forest Lawn-type  
establishments that are  
in effect businesses  
whose product is graves,  
cemeteries like  
the one in Trail  
offer an alternative**

May 30, the association's members and others get together to tidy the place up. According to McWhorter, the annual cleanup is a big picnic that helps make Trail a community, and not just a spot on the map.

From time to time, new members of families whose forebears lie in the cemetery are taken on tours of the markers.

Here and there, as you wander about, you find artificial grass laid like a bedspread over a grave, or paper and plastic flowers twined around headstones.

In one spot, a cement prospector labors over his gold pan, while, in another, unfired red clay ducks dissolve into the earth a little more with each rain-fall.

McWhorter's husband is buried here, and she walks among the markers as though she were strolling through a familiar neighborhood, stooping from time to time to pick up rusty cans that once held flowers in water.

"I don't think they're here," she says suddenly of the dead who lie all around her. "I really don't." Still, like my friend from the east coast, she wouldn't want to be buried anyplace else.



Mildred McWhorter and her son, Eddie, in Trail Cemetery.



# Success story

*The bald eagle makes it back  
from the brink of extinction —  
but can it live in peace with the spotted owl?*

**D**URING THE ongoing battle over the future of the forests, the Endangered Species Act has come under heavy criticism from those who feel it's insufficiently sensitive to economic realities. There's at least one instance, however, in which the Act can be called an unqualified success. Since it was adopted in 1973, the bald eagle has been declared threatened or endangered in 48 states, and today wildlife experts say these efforts have paid off. By 1990, the nation's eagle population had increased to 3,300 nesting pairs, with more pairs subsequently counted.

The Klamath Basin of southern Oregon is home to the largest wintering population of bald eagles in the contiguous 48 states, and it's an eye-opening experience to watch the early-morning fly-out of the birds from their Bear Valley roost in the Klamath Valley National Wildlife Refuge. The Refuge straddles the Oregon-California border in the broad basin created by the vast wetlands surrounding the Klamath River, and on a recent winter morning researchers counted no fewer than 180 adult and sub-adult eagles in a single half hour.

Ralph Opp, a spokesman for the state Department of Fish and Wildlife in Klamath Falls, says that what draws the eagle to the Klamath Basin is the waterfowl that inhabit it. Indeed,

because of its abundance of wetlands, the Basin has been a major wintering place for Pacific-flyway waterfowl since before the arrival of the first European settlers. Some 80% of the waterfowl that follow the Pacific flyway stop in the Basin, just as they've been doing for centuries.

The life of the bald eagle is centered on food, and it coordinates its migration with the path of the waterfowl on which it preys. As many as a thousand eagles come to winter in the Basin, with the first arriving in November and the majority in February and March.

Every morning, the eagles leave their roosts and swoop down over the wildlands to feed. On the valley floor, they linger in the vicinity of the ducks, geese, and swans, picking up those that have died of various causes, or plunging in for a kill.

Eagles are scavengers and eaters of carrion — two unpleasant habits that nearly denied them designation, in 1782, as the national bird. Benjamin Franklin, for one, made a serious but ultimately unsuccessful effort to have that honor bestowed instead on the wild turkey.

In the Basin, grainfields adjacent to the wildlands are flooded in winter for irrigation and rodent control, and these provide the eagles with an additional source of food. After feeding, the birds return at night to the stands of old-

growth timber near the edge of the Basin — stands the preservation of which experts feel is the key to the eagles' steadily increasing numbers.

There are five night-roosting areas in the Refuge, of which the Bear Valley roost is the largest. These roosts provide warmth, seclusion, and the big trees and snags the eagles like to perch in. Tree size is an important consideration, because it takes a good-sized tree to handle a 12-pound bird.

**S**OME FOREST managers say protection of the eagles' roosts conflicts with management plans for the northern spotted owl, because thinning to make room for larger trees has been among the techniques employed on behalf of the eagles in the past. The potential for conflict arises because one side of the Basin is now designated as spotted-owl habitat, in which logging, including tree-thinning, is prohibited. But Frank Issacs of Oregon State University, an expert on the eagle, insists that much of the alleged conflict between the two birds exists solely in the minds of forest managers.

The eagle and the owl, though they don't prefer identical habitat, are found in the same areas, and foresters have an understandable tendency to want to manage for one species or the other. But Issacs contends that, if more of an

BY V.J. GIBSON



ecosystem approach is taken to the question, there's no reason why eagles and owls can't continue to coexist, just as they have for thousands of years.

In and around the Basin, some 4,200 acres have been purchased for the use of the eagle. Private timber owners manage their adjacent land for the benefit of the eagle as well. In fact, Weyerhaeuser, the largest landowner in the area, has been a pioneer in the management of eagles on private land, and has even taught the government agencies involved a thing or two.

The successful comeback of the bald eagle has prompted calls in some states for the species to be removed from the endangered list, or at least downgraded to threatened status. There's concern, however, that, if the eagle were to be removed from the list, government agencies would be deprived of the funds they need to keep on monitoring its numbers.

The future of the eagle, then, clearly depends on the future of wildlife

management. If there isn't enough money to continue monitoring, or to complete planning processes already begun, ground could be lost. The loss of

## Officials have realized that a holistic approach doesn't cost any more

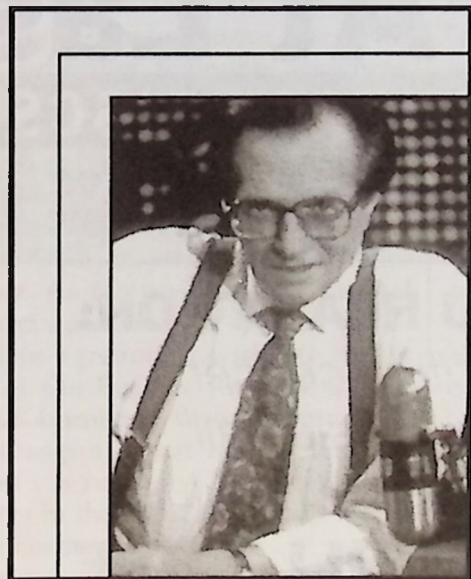
habitat is another potential problem. As eagles increase in number and recolonize their old roosting places, and as human populations likewise continue to mushroom, sooner or later the two are going to cross paths somewhere. This is the more likely because people who build in wildlands tend, like eagles, to settle near water, and to clear the tall trees between their homes and the water — the same trees the eagles need for their nests.

**I**T'S PROBABLE under the circumstances that an Endangered Species Act reformulated to reflect an eco-

system-management policy would work better than the current single-species approach. Scientists and forest managers have realized through experience with the spotted owl that all species within a landscape are interconnected, and government number-crunchers have discovered that a holistic approach doesn't cost any more. Among wildlife agencies today, indeed, there's a general realization that, if species are to be adequately protected and economic development at the same time allowed for, ecosystem management is what's needed.

It's up to Congress to change the Endangered Species Act to reflect this new approach, and the hope is that legislators will see the value of ecosystem management for the protection of all species.

Meanwhile, America's national bird can fittingly serve as an example to all of what can be done when people get together to revive a species once nearly extinct.



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# Paging Salvador Dali

***Martina Arroyo in a logging town?  
Where else but at the  
Oregon Coast Music Festival?***

**T**ALK ABOUT surreal. Where else but at the Oregon Coast Music Festival will you find a world-class conductor, one of the finest 75-member orchestras anywhere, and an auditorium with amazing acoustics, all in a coastal logging town?

No doubt it's this unlikely juxtaposition that's so attractive to the talented musicians who return year after year to Coos Bay from all over the country. As festival director Crystal Landucci notes, many of them are in complete agreement with the music critic of the Eugene *Register Guard*, Karen Kammerer. Wrote Kammerer: "The Oregon Coast Music Festival orchestra is not only the best festival orchestra in the state, it just may be the best orchestra, period."

Now entering its 15th season, the festival, which runs for two weeks, is obviously here to stay, but its formative years weren't without their crises, including an upheaval several years back that resulted in the resignation of half the board of directors.

The festival began in Coos Bay in 1979

as the Haydn Festival. The brainchild of Charles Heiden, founder and conductor of the Salem Symphony, it offered only weekend performances during its first three seasons, with orchestra members drawn from the community and the state. Then came 1982, and Haydn's 250th birthday, which provided the impetus for the festival's expansion and change of name.

Over the next ten years, Gary McLaughlin, who took over as music director in 1981, assembled a truly fine orchestra — so fine, indeed, that it eventually ran away with him. Though McLaughlin was an accomplished musician, the need for a top-notch conductor was felt — and James Paul could have been made to order for the part. Ironically, Paul, a native Oregonian from Forest Grove, had never before conducted in his home state. During the greater part of the year conductor of the Baton Rouge



Martina Arroyo

Symphony, he's also led the London Symphony Orchestra, and last year was selected to perform in the prestigious Leonard Bernstein American Conductors Program.

BY CHRISTINA ALEXANDER



A charismatic character, Paul has been heavily influenced by the Indian philosopher J. Krishnamurti, a battered copy of whose *Education and the Significance of Life* circulates in the offices of the Baton Rouge Symphony, with the following sentences underlined:

- "The state of creativeness cannot exist where there is conflict. The right kind of education should therefore help the individual understand and eliminate conflict."

- "Art divorced from life has no great significance."

Paul is a passionate believer in the importance of the arts.

"I'm sick to death of the argument that the arts are a frill and a mere ornament," he says. "Artists — actors, musicians, painters, writers — contribute just as much to society as engineers,

contractors, lawyers, or doctors. We also attract money and people to a community, and improve the quality of its life. By God, we serve a purpose."

Landucci, of course, agrees, though she wishes more local people grasped just how important the festival could prove to a community whose traditional economic base — the logging industry — faces an increasingly uncertain future.

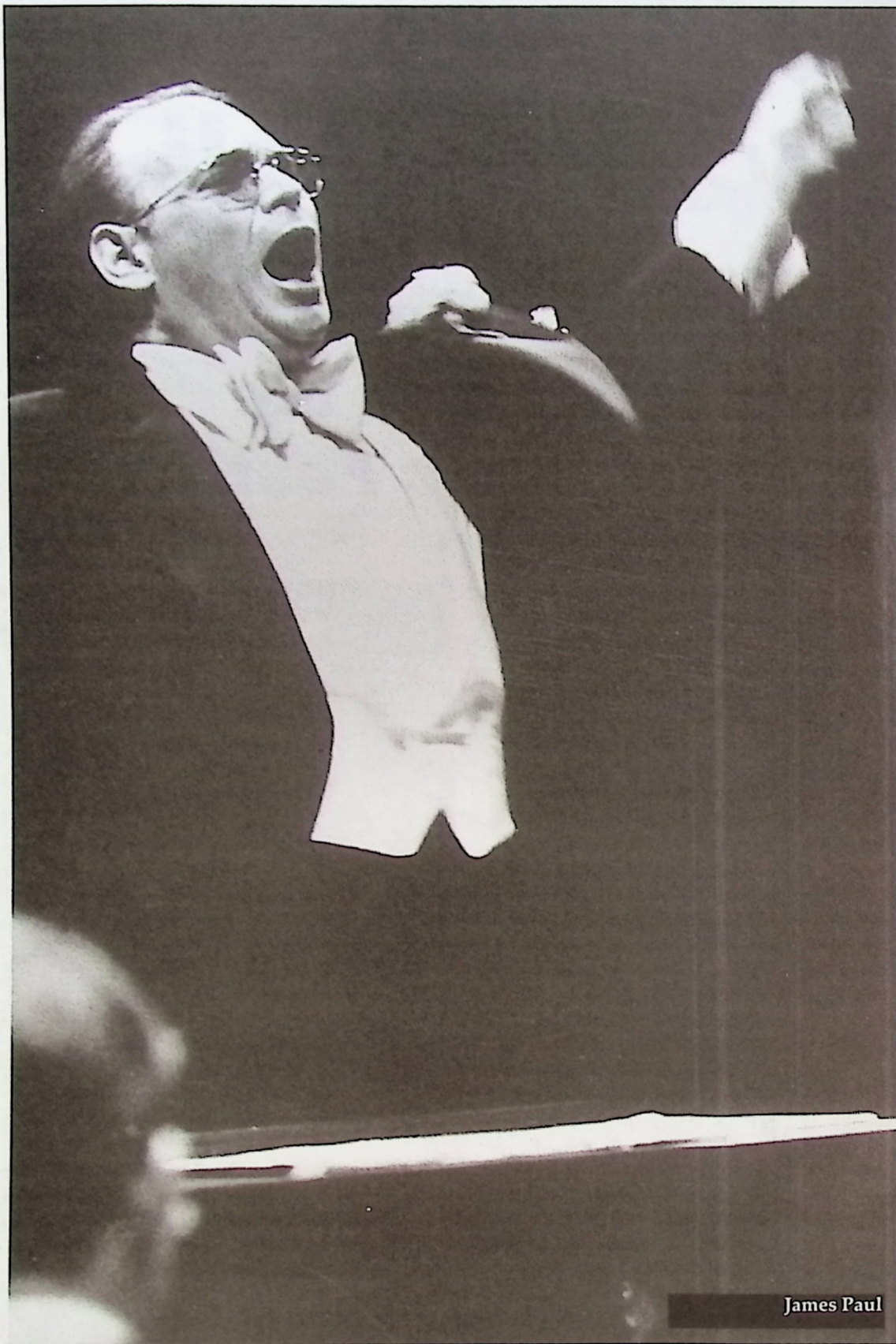
**S**TILL, WHAT the festival is ultimately about isn't economics, but music — and great music sounds even better in Coos Bay's Marshfield Auditorium, an art-deco hall blessed, in Kammerer's words, with "an extraordinary richness of sound and a 'sweetening' quality."

"This is one of the best halls in the world," Paul, who's been in many of them, will tell you flat out.

He's just as forthright in discussing his approach to conducting.

"There's a moment," he says, "when it all becomes clear — a moment of clarity unlike anything else in the world. You can hide behind a piano, a cello, or any instrument for a time, but there comes a moment when it's just you and the audience and the maker who gave you the ability. That's the real test, and you have to pass it, and the only way to pass it is to be true to all you have and all you are."

"How often do most of us face this test of ourselves? Once in a lifetime? Well, I



James Paul



try to face it daily, and I hope that, by leading an examined life — by trying always to be all that it's possible to squeeze out of this frame of mine — I'll inspire others to do the same.

" 'Be true to the music,' I tell my musicians, 'not to me. You'll soar if you're faithful to the right and true sources.' If they follow me in that, fine. Otherwise I'm just the conductor, the man with the baton. The musicians are the true heroes."

Because of Paul's reputation and connections, the festival has been able to attract some very special musicians,

including, this year, the world-famous soprano Martina Arroyo. This is a woman who's sung at the Metropolitan Opera, the Paris Opera, Covent Garden, La Scala, and the Vienna State Opera — but this summer you can hear her in little Coos Bay. Another touch of the surreal. . . .

**C**LASSICAL MUSIC isn't the only kind on the festival's agenda. Everything from big-band blowouts to jazz and fiddling is planned, with some of the concerts scheduled in the adjacent communities

of Charleston, Coquille, and Bandon.

Among the non-classical performers scheduled to appear are:

• **The Oregon Jazz Band.** The OJB is the oldest regularly performing Dixieland band in the country, and its annual outdoor performance at Shore Acres State Park, with its celebrated botanical gardens, is always a highlight of the festival. Bring a picnic dinner.

• **The Tom Grant Jazz Band.** Like Paul, Grant, a specialist in contemporary pop and jazz, is a native Oregonian with a national reputation. He and his group have appeared on



The 75 members of the festival orchestra come from all over the country.



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•**Carol Ann Wheeler.** A fiddler and folk musician, Wheeler also has an interesting stock of musical anecdotes, with an emphasis on the 150th anniversary of the Oregon Trail.

•**The It's About Time Big Band.** Formed a few years ago in response to a growing demand for music of the '40s and '50s, this 18-member ensemble, directed by Ken Masters, faithfully reproduces the sounds of Les Brown, Glenn Miller, Tommy Dorsey, Count Basie, Duke Ellington, and Stan Kenton. Dancing in the aisles is definitely the order of the day.

•**The Festival Folk Dancers.** This blend of three southern Oregon folk-dance groups — Zend Avesta, Briar Rose, and the Ashland Community Folk Dancers — performs dances from the Balkans, Eastern Europe, Scandinavia, the British Isles, and the U.S. Accompanying them will be three bands playing a variety of ethnic instruments.

**A**S FOR the classics, one concert that promises to be especially interesting is called "Music for the '90s: 1590, 1690, and 1790." Under the direction of baroque-music scholar Laurette Goldburg, who'll also provide a commentary, the program, featuring period instruments, will be offered in the Boathouse of the Oregon Institute of Marine Biology in Charleston, itself a delightful place to spend an afternoon. Also featured will be the premiere of a cello solo written by a member of the well-known Turtle Island String Quartet.

This year's Oregon Coast Music Festival runs from July 17 through July 31. For a full schedule and ticket information, call 503-267-0938.





# Coming of age

*While nobody's been looking, the Rogue Music Theatre's been acquiring a regional reputation*

**M**ENTION theater in southern Oregon, and people automatically think of Ashland. But there's a group in Grants Pass that, while the world has been looking the other way, has quietly come along to the point where it can hold its own even in the exalted company of the Oregon Shakespeare Festival.

In the past ten years, the non-profit Rogue Music Theatre has blossomed from a hopelessly amateur operation into a regional force that attracts performers from as far away as Los Angeles. Evidence of RMT's new maturity will be there for all to see when it stages *West Side Story* at the prestigious Britt Festival in Jacksonville on July 21-24 (performances are also scheduled at Rogue Community College in Grants Pass on July 2-3, 9-10, and 16-17).

Ten years ago, when Doug Norby took over as RMT's musical director, the situation was very different. Norby's wife, Barbara, a former dancer who now serves as RMT's assistant stage manager and publicity director, recalls dancing in a production of *Fiddler on the Roof* in which, for lack of actors, all the male roles had to be played by women in fake mustaches.

"Now we have professionals appearing in our productions," she says.

In RMT's early days, the question: "Is there a doctor in the house?" took on a whole new meaning.

"In the beginning," Doug recalls, "we had a lot of doctors come to the rescue



Chris Crouse in the Rogue Music Theatre's recent production of 'A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum.'

BY BARBARA BAILY



when we needed male performers. They used to draw big audiences, too, only they kept getting beeped in rehearsals."

Today, Doug regularly travels to Portland, Seattle, and Texas to hold auditions for new productions.

"The shift to out-of-town professionals has been a little bit touchy," he acknowledges, "because the community people think we've slighted them. But musical performers are hard to find in a small town, and even in the northwest it can be tough to find the right lead.

"Each year, we've stepped up the level of quality of our productions," he continues, "and in the past five years, we've acquired a regional reputation by hiring actors from L.A. and Seattle."

Is it hard to lure professional actors to a small town like Grants Pass?

"Not at all. We take them down the Rogue River, and they like the hospitable feeling of our theater, and the word gets out.

"Besides, many actors from L.A. and New York have come to Seattle, but they don't have a lot of musical theater in Seattle. Musicals have three times the requirements of other shows, because choreographers, musicians, and singers are more expensive and harder to find than regular actors."

"Nonetheless, if we can cast local people, we do it in a snap," Barbara interjects, "because, when we bring people in from Seattle or elsewhere, we have to find housing for them."

**B**ARBARA AND Doug, who've been married for almost eight years, met through RMT.

Originally from Missouri, Barbara majored in drama at the University of Colorado, and moved with her daughter from California to Oregon 12 years ago, "to escape my ex-husband."

"Doug was between marriages, and I was celibate and an aerobics nut," she

says. "I was living in Rogue River and, after I bought a gun, I thought I was safe."

"She had a reputation for walking around with a gun in those days," Doug notes.

Doug, who hails from Los Angeles, has a degree in music from California Lutheran College. After moving to the Rogue Valley, he was music director for a Baptist church and directed a few productions for the Rogue Valley Opera, but he'd never worked in musical theater when he got involved with RMT, so the ambitious road he's taken the company down could hardly have been anticipated.

"Some people wouldn't have Doug's confidence to break away from community theater and take the leap to become professional," Barbara says.

She concedes, however, that the transition has been greatly facilitated by RMT's proximity to the Shakespeare Festival.

"We network with professional directors and actors at the festival," she explains. "The festival's James Edmundson, for instance, is directing our production of *West Side Story*. And, obviously, if we were in the middle of Nowhereville, Indiana, we couldn't do this."

Doug admits to having turned RMT into a professional theater "by the seat of my pants."

"I had no theatrical background," he says, "but I surrounded myself with people who did. It's been a real learning experience."

RMT has been associated throughout its history with Rogue Community College, for which Doug says it made money from the first, largely because the original casts weren't paid. (He himself received only \$200 for a production of *Oklahoma*, the first he directed.) Three years ago, after the drama program at RCC was cut, RMT ended its ties with the college, though it



Doug and Barbara Norby



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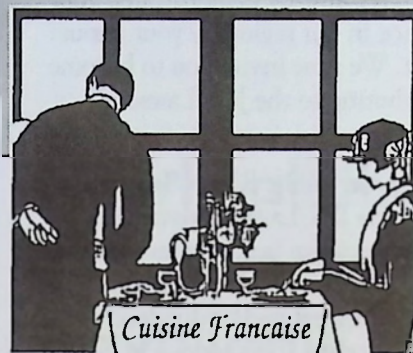
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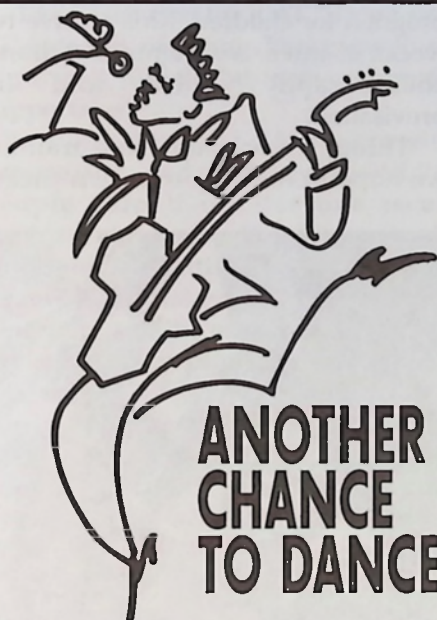
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continues to lease the RCC concert bowl — which seats up to 2,500 — for its shows.

"People assumed the theater had a line item in the college budget," Doug says, "but we didn't. We have a lot more freedom now that we're independent, but we have to worry about cash flow."

"We bring 10,000 people to the college each summer, and that's a nice thing for them," Barbara points out. "RMT has been an asset to Grants Pass, too. Doctors have been recruited to the area because of our presence."

"Let's face it — the arts make a difference. If Ashland didn't have Shakespeare, it'd be just another logging town. Many members of our audience will probably never go to see a production of the Shakespeare Festival, but they have a tradition of meeting friends and family at RMT, because the atmosphere is so casual. We're like the Britt Festival, only a lot less intimidating. Our productions are mainstream, and you can take the kids along and expose them to theater in an easy way."

For the past four years, RMT has also been running a summer theater program for children. Kids receive two weeks of intensive training in drama, choreography, voice, and improvisation.

"Through workshops and training, we hope to develop our own theater



From RMT's  
production of 'The  
Boyfriend.'





Mary Scott and Kevin  
Hagen in RMT's  
'Oklahoma.'

community here in Grants Pass," Barbara says.

When he isn't directing musicals, Doug keeps busy raising half of RMT's \$200,000 annual budget from sponsors, individuals, and grants. RMT raises funds by means of everything from golf tournaments to the profits from the food concessions at the concert bowl, which are donated to the theater by the local Carl's Junior franchise.

"I'm a salesman for RMT," Doug says. "The people of Grants Pass come to see our shows, and the business community supports us."

Notwithstanding RMT's growing reputation and audiences — 1,700 people turned out for one recent performance — Doug says the company's location in conservative Grants Pass makes it unlikely that its repertoire will be expanded to include any avant-garde productions.

"I'd love to do certain Sondheim musicals, but they're a little more on the edge and don't sell as well. We'd still have to hire quality actors for them, and I'm afraid the audience just wouldn't show up.

"Most of the musicals we do were written before the sexual revolution of the '70s. Another problem, from our point of view, with musicals written after that is that, in the '80s, shows became high-tech. *Miss Saigon* is a good example. It takes a lot of money to mount productions like that.

"I'd also love to do *Peter Pan*," he adds wistfully, "if I could afford to hire someone to show us how to get a fly system in a bandshell."



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### Fiona Ritchie

**Full Name:** Fiona Karen Ritchie.

**Date of birth:** Feb. 8, 1960.

**Place of birth:** Greenock, Scotland.

**Job:** Host/Program Producer, NPR's *The Thistle & Shamrock*.

**College:** University of Stirling, Scotland.

**Car:** 1992 Renault Clio.

**Musical instruments:** Guitar; bodhran (Celtic drum).

**Pet:** Otis the cat (in Edinburgh), Tawny the cat (in Charlotte, N.C.).

**Pet peeve:** Thoughtlessness, rudeness in people.

**Strangest job:** Door-to-door salesperson with "Betterwear" brushes, polishes, and home-care products.

**Proudest achievement:** Buying my

own home in Scotland.

**Secret ambition:** To pilot a helicopter around the entire coast of Scotland.

**Personal strengths:** Patience, sense of humor, enthusiasm.

**Personal weaknesses:** Overly independent, intolerant of sloth, addicted to nachos.

**Favorite author:** D.H. Lawrence.

**Actor:** Currently Gerard Depardieu.

**Food:** Cheese grits.

**Spectator sports:** Track-and-field; soccer.

**Sport to play:** Field hockey.

**Time of day:** Weekend mornings.

**Performer:** Nanci Griffith.

**Recording:** Alan Stivell's "Renaissance of the Celtic Harp."

**Comic strip:** The Far Side.

**Magazine:** The *Utne Reader*.

**Color:** Blue.

**Time of year:** Spring.

**First political memory:** Funeral of Winston Churchill.

**Best interview you've done:** Tommy Sands, Northern Irish singer-songwriter, broadcaster, and peace worker.



**Person you'd most like to interview:** Joni Mitchell.

**Worst radio gaffe:** Shoving a doughnut into my mouth just before commencing an on-air fund-raising pitch.

**Most memorable radio moment:** First national broadcast of *The Thistle & Shamrock*, June 4, 1983.

**Radio influences:** Jennifer Roth, manager, WBFO Buffalo; Anne Nightingale, BBC (first woman I heard hosting a music program).

## Rogue River going Hollywood

BY EDITH DECKER

**T**he salmon that have been deserting the Rogue River in droves may decide to come back when they hear who'll be dipping her toes in it this summer. Meryl Streep and a cast of thousands — well, of a hundred anyway — are due in Grants Pass to make a movie called *The River Wild*.

According to Joel Marx, locations manager for the film, which is being produced by Universal Pictures, the current schedule calls for about half the crew to arrive this month to begin the construction of sets, and for five or six weeks of filming along the Rogue starting at the end of August.

Marx says Universal Pictures has applied to the U.S. Bureau of Land Management and Josephine County for the necessary permits.

No extras will be hired for on-camera parts, but help will be necessary behind the scenes.

Marx estimates the crew will be spending plenty of money, too, on everything from lumber for sets to rafting paraphernalia.

He stresses that he and his cohorts will be careful not to inconvenience the many tourists who visit the river during the summer.

"We realize that a lot of people make a living on the river, and we're not here to push anybody out," he says.

Regular jet-boat trips down the river will continue throughout the filming, though Marx says a boat may occasionally be asked to hold up for a few minutes while the cameras are rolling.

A few locations will be required for non-river shots, and Marx's current project is searching them out, and finding support people in the community. Don't call him, though. In the best traditions of Hollywood, he'll call you, if he needs you.

The film is about a former river guide, played by Streep, who takes her husband, played by David Strathairn, to a fictional wilderness area in Montana for some quality bonding time, and to show their son the great outdoors.

Various adventures follow, but Marx says the story isn't the *Terminator* type, but "more psychological."

This won't be the first movie to use the Rogue as a background.

In 1988, *Spirit of the Eagle*, a period film starring Dan Haggerty of "Grizzly Adams" fame, caused a bit of a stink when Haggerty scheduled premieres in Ashland, but not in Josephine County, where most of the film was shot.

Probably the best known of the several pictures that have been shot on the Rogue is 1975's *Rooster Cogburn*, in which John Wayne and Katharine Hepburn take a plunge through the rapids with a stash of nitro.



# A dog's Thanksgiving

**I**T WAS THE fourth Thursday in November and, like everyone else in the country — or at least everyone else not in residence on a subway grate — Mr. and Mrs. B had a turkey in the oven.

The smell was everywhere in the house, and it was making me crazy. No matter where I fled, upstairs or down, I couldn't get away from it. Finally, I gave up trying, padded into the living room, and buried my nose in the carpet. Alas, I hadn't been asleep for two minutes when a car pulled up at the curb outside. Mrs. B, who was knitting in her armchair, saw me prick up my ears.

"That must be them."

"I'll go!"

With amazing quickness for someone just awakened from a coma, Mr. B leaped up from the couch and — pausing only to shovel some potato chips into his mouth — bounded to the front door.

I followed, to snap up the crumbs.

It's true he's lost a step or two since the days when he used to bowl over the mailman in his haste to catch the bus to work, but he could still give the average Olympic sprinter not on steroids reason to look apprehensively over his shoulder.

"Alexander!"

"Dad!"

Mr. B drew back from their bear hug with knitted brows. "You've been sick. Why didn't you tell me?"

"Me? I've never been better."

"You've lost an awful lot of weight."

"Fifty pounds." Alexander patted his stomach with satisfaction. "Not that I deserve any credit for it. I couldn't have done it without Wanda. Dad, meet Wanda."

From her feet, which were shod in the sort of work boots favored by telephone linemen, my eyes ascended, past her jeans and sweatshirt, to her bony face. She wore not so much as a trace of makeup. Before I could ask myself why she was looking at Mr. B with such hostility, she thrust into the welcoming hand he extended a brown paper bag.

"This should go in the refrigerator."

"Oh, isn't that nice. But come on in and let's get acquainted. Honey, here's Alexander and his new girlfriend! What can I get you two to drink?"

"Nothing," Wanda said.

"Nothing?"

"What big ears you have."

"But it's a holiday."

She thought it over. "Well, I suppose a little juice wouldn't do any harm."

BY STEPHEN BAILY



"Anything in it?"

"We don't use alcohol," she informed him with defiance.

He glanced past her at his son, who was exchanging kisses with Mrs. B. "Since when?"

"It's fattening, dad," Alexander said, lamely.

"It's also poison," Wanda said. "Did you know it destroys cells in the brain that can never be regenerated?"

"So that's the explanation," Mrs. B said, with a meaning look at her husband. "But won't you sit down? Alexander tells me you're an occupational therapist. What exactly does that involve?"

While they settled on the couch, I followed Mr. B into the kitchen.

"Now where do you suppose he dug that one up?" he asked me as he wedged Wanda's present into the refrigerator. "He's brought home some doozies in his time, but at least the others weren't teetotalers. Never be regenerated!"

Grumbling to himself, he filled two glasses from a gallon jug and carried them back into the living room, where Mrs. B was congratulating her son on his svelte new appearance.

"Wanda put me on a diet, and kept me on it," Alexander said gratefully.

"I wish she'd put your father on a diet."

"Seriously, dad," he agreed, "you ought to take off some weight."

Along with the rest of them, Mr. B contemplated his middle-aged midsection, which was melting over his belt buckle like too big a scoop of ice cream over a cone.

"I have a theory," he said. "Experience accumulates at the waist."

"You mean pizza," Mrs. B said. "He eats pizza for breakfast — can you believe it? But here we are talking about food, and the two of you must be starved after such a long drive. Won't you have a little something before dinner?"

Wanda looked askance at the magnificent array of hors d'oeuvres on the coffee-table — at the sliced pepperoni, the three kinds of cheeses, the dips, the Cheetos, Fritos, and Doritos.

"I think we'll wait." To pass the time, she raised the glass Mr. B handed her to her lips — and immediately gagged. "This isn't juice!"

"We only had lemonade," Mr. B admitted. "Is something the matter?"

"It's full of sugar. We don't eat sugar. It's the worst possible thing for you."

"I didn't realize," Mr. B apologized. "Here, let me get you some diet soda instead."

"That causes tumors!"

"A glass of water, then?"

"It's fluoridated!"

"There must be something —"

"No, that's all right." She was dabbing frantically at her mouth with a paper napkin. "It's just that you have no idea how unclean sugar tastes after you've got out of the habit of using it."

At a loss how to reply to this attack on a food he loved, Mr. B reached under his bowtie and into his shirt pocket for a cigarette.

"You're not going to smoke that?" Wanda demanded.

He stiffened. "Why shouldn't I, in my own house?"

"If you want to kill yourself, fine. But you don't have any right to take Alexander and me with you."

To Mr. B's annoyance, Mrs. B, who'd been after him for years to quit smoking, now chose consistency over loyalty. "Yes, go outside and smoke the filthy thing, if you have to."

Wanda couldn't hide a smirk. I looked in vain to Mr. B for the command that would launch me at her ankle. With a surly air, he ground the cigarette out in an ashtray, though it wasn't even lit.

"In any case," Mrs. B said, "I think we can all go in to dinner now."

**I**N THE DINING ROOM, on the table, which was covered with her best linen, dripless crimson candles flanked a floral centerpiece. No sooner had the three of them sat down than Mr. B entered triumphantly from the kitchen, staggering under the weight of a big silver platter.

"Ta da!"

It was all I could do not to turn away in despair as he lovingly carved perfect slices from the



breast, arranged them fanwise on a serving dish and, without a thought for my suffering, set the dish down in front of Wanda. Thanksgiving! Ladies and gentlemen, other than that I wasn't born a Russian wolfhound, explain to me, please, if you can, what I had to be thankful for at that moment.

"I'd appreciate it if you'd take that away."

Mr. B stared at her. "What's wrong now?"

Wanda's nostrils were flaring. "I don't eat the flesh of murdered animals."

"Oh, you're a vegetarian," Mrs. B said quickly. "I had no idea. Well, we've got a very good salad. If you'll just pass that to Alexander —"

"No, thanks, mom."

"But it was always your favorite!"

"It's — ah — fattening. I'll stick to the salad."

"We also brought our own main course," Wanda said to Mr. B. "In the paper bag I gave you. If you wouldn't mind fetching it."

In a moment, he returned from the kitchen frowning at what looked to me like the sort of sponge Mrs. B sometimes made him get down on his knees and scrub the floor around the toilet with.

"What the Sam Hill is that?"

"One of the most perfect foods in the world." Wanda cut a slice for Alexander and another for herself. "Tofu."

"So that's tofu." Mrs. B leaned across the table toward it with interest. "I've never tried it."

"It's low in calories and high in protein. You couldn't ask for anything better." She speared a chunk on the end of her fork and held it out to Mrs. B.

"Why, it's not half bad. Taste it, dear."

Mr. B shook his head, contemptuously.

"Do you know," Mrs. B continued, "I think I could make a meal out of this."

"Have you got any soy sauce?" Wanda asked. "If you heat it up in a pan with just a drop or two — not too much, because of course you want to be careful of the salt — it's really quite good."

"It sounds delicious. Why don't we try that right now?"

She was pushing back her chair when Mr. B stopped her with a sharp: "Just a minute! What

about the turkey?"

"Oh, that. We'll be eating that for days. Or should I say nights. What he likes best in the world," she explained to Wanda, "is to sneak downstairs when he thinks I'm asleep and fix himself a sandwich a foot high."

"Yes, I've heard about those midnight orgies. Alexander's told me all about them. God knows he certainly had a father who set him a wonderful example! But, please," she said to Mr. B, "don't let us keep you from your — feed. You must be dying to sink your teeth into that poor dead creature."

"I don't think I like your tone. Where do you come off talking to me like that?"

"You really have to ask?" she shot back.

"Wanda —"

She flung aside the hand Alexander sought to restrain her with.

"Haven't you done enough harm to others with your sick eating habits? Aren't you at all ashamed you nearly killed your son by stuffing him from childhood with the worst possible junk?"

"Wanda, you promised —"

"Let me finish, Alex! You know what I'm saying is true. When I met you, you were an obscenity — a walking sack of cholesterol! You," she turned back to Mr. B, "are an evil, evil man, but your day is over. You belong to the past. Your grandchildren will look at your picture in the family album, and never believe they could be descended from such a monster."

Having half risen, she sank down in her seat again.

In a quiet voice, Mr. B said, after a very long silence: "I just want to get one thing straight. Are any of you going to eat this magnificent bird?"

"Never! Not if there wasn't another scrap of food left on the planet."

"Fair enough!"

With a violent gesture, he swept the turkey up from the sideboard.

They all shrank back, as if they expected him to hurl it at their heads, but he merely laughed, lunged forward, and set it down on the floor.

"Here, Daisy!"





# 'We are, in the main, disgusted with our lawyers and banks'

**F**RIDAY, MAY 7, 1993. I seem to have lost the ability to write about something because I find it amusing, or because it makes me happy, and to have become stuck in all the filth of British life as though there's no other aspect. A lot of ordinary British people seem to feel much the same. I believe this is because I discuss the world with the local shopkeepers and my (adult) students. We are, in the main, disgusted with both our lawyers and our banks.

This week has been an amusing one for the British newspaper reader, what with Asil Nadir doing a runner with £2 million bail on his head, and the usual seedy antics of the aforesaid lawyers and banks.

Asil Nadir is a person who managed to gain control of a Limited Liability Company quoted on our stock exchange, and in due course when the company got into financial difficulties was charged with various types of corruption. That's not to say that Asil Nadir is necessarily corrupt, although as large numbers of people seem to be corrupt in the financially or legally influential reaches of our society, it's a possibility.

Whatever the reality, he was charged with various things, and various lawyers and experts both corrupt and otherwise will have found themselves with plenty of work as a result. I don't suppose it matters much to most of them what the outcome of their activities is, as long as they get paid.

Months ago now, Asil Nadir was let out on bail whilst accountants and people tried to build a case against him and others tried to build a case for him. Then, on Monday, he disappeared to northern Cyprus, a country with which Britain has no extradition treaty.

There's no way available at the moment that he can be brought back to England, although it's reported that he says he'll come back of his own accord if his conditions of bail include a provision that he can travel anywhere in the world — something that might or might not be reasonable in light of the fact that he's been involved in international business in the past, and that it may be quite difficult for him to go on trading if he's confined to Britain. He'll need to do plenty of trading to support the army of lawyers who'll have latched onto his case!

He also made a statement to the effect that he felt it would be impossible to get a fair trial in this country, which sounds to me quite realistic. What he says has happened so far is that each time he's been charged with something, the judge has ruled that there's no case to answer, and then a new charge has been produced as from nowhere and the whole process has been started over again.

So he broke bail.

There's just one other thing. Investigators picked up a story that a judge in this matter had been offered a bribe. They don't seem to have

interviewed the judge.

Perhaps more sinister is the fact that the police had been anonymously told he was about to depart, but as he turned up to report at the police station at the end of last week, they canceled their instructions at the ports to keep an eye out for him. Just a coincidence, I suppose.

Well, that's Asil Nadir, and I must stress that I have no idea whether he's honest or not, but I do know that the antics of English lawyers are such that, whatever the court finds in the end (if they get a chance to see the matter through, and if they can bear to conclude such a lucrative case), it will be anyone's guess what the reality of the situation is.

**A** SMALL NUMBER of lawyers, I'm told, are trying to do something about the state of English law.

The problem isn't helped by the fact that lawyers tend in the main to be afraid of each other, and even more afraid of judges (who are lawyers themselves). Thus, to say a judge is bent (which is something I've tried) to a lawyer is to invite a selection of possible responses:

- The lawyer won't want to work on your behalf, but is obliged to by law, and thus it would be very difficult to feel well represented.

- The lawyer panics and can't think straight, and thus it would be very difficult to feel well represented.

BY HUGH HARRIS



•The lawyer thinks you're mad, because all judges are to be treated as gods, and thus it would be very difficult to feel well represented.

I'm sure there are other good reasons to avoid rocking their boat, but they're escaping me at the moment because I'm a person who believes, like some lunatic optimist out of the '60s, that lawyers could be honorable "if only they'd get themselves together," and consequently I'm overtly critical where I feel it's justified. Far out, man!

The lawyers must have a side to this discussion, and I'm given to understand that the argument takes the form of saying that it's only those who are dissatisfied with the result they get from a court who think lawyers are unfit. Thus, it's near-enough impossible to penetrate the thick armor of lawyers' self-justification unless you're a lawyer that lawyers find more frightening than the other lawyers, and then it probably won't matter whether your complaint is justified or not, it will be accepted as justified out of fear or perfectly genuine belief.

**W**HICH BRINGS to mind a case that was reported in the *Independent* this week.

I could just lift the whole thing, but it's very wordy, and doesn't flow well — indeed, I found myself going over and over bits of it, and wondering if, as it was written by a lawyer, it was deliberately heavy going. Curiously, there was almost no Latin involved.

The case concerned a lady who tried to get three solicitors struck off for practicing without practicing certificates (it seems to me they'd still practice without if they'd already done that in the past), charging for work done without practicing certificates (I suppose the argument was that as they were without certificates they couldn't legally charge for solicitors' work), and generally behaving in an unfit manner (what is that?) and deceiving the court.

She was self-representing, and so I assume had no qualified lawyer representing her. The three solicitors (who'd since got themselves practicing certificates!) represented themselves.

She'd complained before to the Law Society (the solicitors' trade association), but the Law Society had done nothing but give them a warning (the standard procedure — most people think the Law

Society is there to get solicitors off the hook), so now she was applying to get them struck off.

The Supreme Court of Judicature Act of 1873 and other bits of legislation were referred to, and the judge finally ruled that the complainant had no right of audience (that is, she wasn't allowed to talk to the judge) because she wasn't "counsel."

This "counsel" is just another type of lawyer, but that's irrelevant. The solicitors weren't struck off, because there was no hearing, and you can be pretty certain nobody else will apply to have them struck off.

Part of the argument, by the way, was that she'd complained against the solicitors because she was dissatisfied with the outcome of her case.

She was dissatisfied, therefore she had no case! To lawyers, this is logical when it suits their purpose, and to me it looks very much like this was the only other reason the judge could lay hands on to get his fellow lawyers off the hook.

**A**S FOR THE banks, they've been behaving as usual — like thieves with a stranglehold on the economy — and there's nothing new to report here except a small discussion between myself and a glass-shop proprietor. It went thus:

"How much for a piece of glass for this picture?"

"Two pounds if it's cash." (This is a subtle bit of cockney humor — there's a lot of it about.)

"Actually, I can't use any other means, as I've sent my credit cards back, and the Abbey National Bank have stuck on so many poverty taxes that they've cleaned out my account and I have no means of giving you a check."

"Good for you. If everyone would do that, the banks might start making it possible for us to make a living. After all, you only need a credit card if you go to America or something and need it to pay your hotel or car-hire bill."

I pointed out that when I took my Access Mastercard to America, thinking I could use it if I needed to, I discovered that in fact it was impossible even to pay a hotel bill with it and, had I not had friends, I'd have needed to contact the British consul to get home and to cancel all other arrangements.

Need I say more?

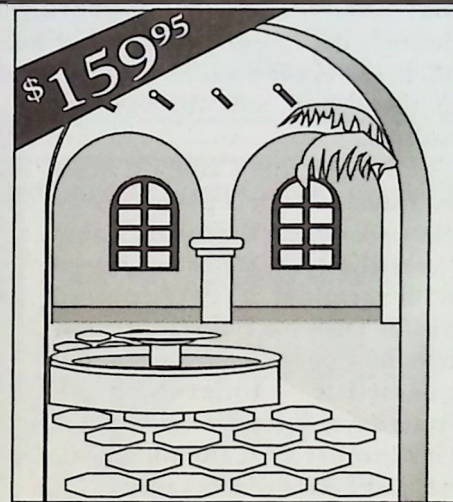
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## Fantasy and farce

*The Baltimore Waltz*, by Paula Vogel. *A Flea in Her Ear*, by Georges Feydeau. At the Oregon Shakespeare Festival through Oct. 31.

**P**aula Vogel's *The Baltimore Waltz* is a grand "what if" — an extended fantasia on what might have been. It's also hilarious: a wacky commentary on the absurdities and indignities of modern life.

But modern life has a dark side, and the audience isn't free to indulge in unadulterated mirth. In the very first scenes, we're put on notice that one of the two main characters is at risk, and that knowledge keeps bubbling up through the fun and games that follow till, in the closing scene, tragedy swoops in relentlessly, and our fears are realized.

In a scene that's chilling in its portrayal of how a patient really hears a doctor's words, Anna (Michelle Morain) is diagnosed with terminal ATD (Acquired Toilet Disease, which school-teachers contract from — you guessed it — toilet seats. As Anna says, "Mother was right!"). Her brother Carl (Remi Sandri) has just been fired, because of his gay activism, from his job as children's librarian at the San Francisco public library. He offers to take Anna to Europe, and off they go.

The result is a very funny trip. Carl spends his time soaking up culture in museums, while Anna, determined to experience all she can of life, leaps between the sheets with bellhops, waiters, radicals, and even the Little Dutch Boy at age 50.

The play is rife with cultural and pop-cultural allusions — which may or may not have meaning — ranging from Orson Welles as Harry Lime to a transvestite nurse with the voice

of Marlene Dietrich, to Dr. Strangelove, complete with sinister black glove.

It's a play full of laughs, but menacing undertones add an edge to the action. As Anna blithely sleeps her way across Europe, gradually coming to terms with her illness, we're more and more concerned with Carl, who's stalked by a mysterious stranger and threatened by frightening, undecipherable events. When at last Anna meets with the famous Viennese Dr. Todesrocheln ("death rattle," in German), whom she visits in a desperate last search for a cure, the curtain of false hope is finally torn away. But what's exposed isn't just the fact that there's no cure for her disease, but that it's Carl who's been at risk all along. Anna must let go of her last fantasy, and face the truth that her brother has just died of AIDS.

The Shakespeare Festival's intimate Black Swan Theater is perfect for this production. There's no intermission, and you don't need one. Well-choreographed rearrangements of the few props — hospital beds and screens — by a couple of terrific orderlies mark the change of scenes.

David Kelly, who plays The Third Man/Doctor, is sincere, menacing, and ridiculous by turns as the many supporting characters.

Morain and Sandri as Anna and Carl are utterly and heartbreakingly believable, and the staging and music are extremely effective. The last scene — in which Anna waltzes to the strains of "The Baltimore Waltz" with her beloved brother; a final "if only" — left me in tears.

Vogel wrote *The Baltimore Waltz*, which won an OBIE as best play of the 1991-92 New York season, for her own brother Carl, who died of AIDS in 1988. Of the play, she's said: "Knowing that every day for the past year and hopefully for many years to come, somewhere someone in a rehearsal hall or in a theatre is saying his name [has] been an incredible solace — a real gift." It's a wonderful tribute — and the gift, of course, is ours.

**T**HERE ARE no tears in *A Flea in Her Ear*. True, it's another play based on sex and its consequences, but this one's a comic romp through impotence, infidelity, mistaken identity, and speech impediments, and you *do* need its two intermissions — to catch your breath from laughing.

I can't possibly outline the plot. Suffice it to say that it involves suspenders, a hot-blooded Spaniard, a chandelier and a revolving bed, an artificial palate, and a lady formerly known as "The Copper-Bottomed Contessa."

As for the action, combine the above elements with suspicious spouses, doppelgangers, and foreigners whose command of the language isn't so good, and set them all running about the bedrooms of the Coq d'Or, a hotel of a certain reputation, and you have an evening of pure, *c'est-a-dire* unadulterated, farce.

The vociferous pleasure of the audience at the end of each act reminded me of the reaction to the Beatles' appearance on the "Ed Sullivan Show." In fact, this play is a good introduction to live theater for television-reared audiences. It has no annoying

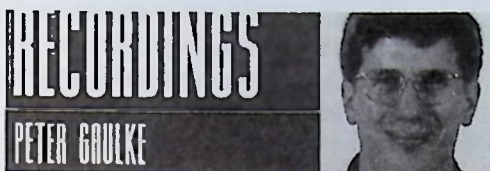
Michelle Morain and Remi Sandri in 'The Baltimore Waltz.'





deeper levels of meaning, plenty of noisy action, and a satisfying sprinkling of double entendres and almost-intelligible sexual epithets. Fun for the whole family.

Seeing both plays in one visit to Ashland makes for an interesting day at the theater. *A Flea in Her Ear* is frothy entertainment that carries us out of reality for a couple of hours, while *The Baltimore Waltz* is about looking directly at reality, and finding a way to make its burdens a little easier to bear.



## Redefining the blues

**F***Feels Like Rain*, veteran bluesman Buddy Guy's new recording on the Silvertone label, dishes out more of the same recipe previously served up in his *Damn Right I Got the Blues*, also on Silvertone. It's studded with appearances by other performers, and covers of tunes you wouldn't expect to find on a blues recording.

The initial impression made by this hodgepodge isn't altogether positive. Indeed, after first listening to the guest turns by former Bad Company crooner Paul Rogers and British keyboardist Ian McLagan (an original member of Faces and veteran of sessions with the Rolling Stones), I couldn't help asking myself whether *Feels Like Rain* is a blues-rock recording in the classic sense at all. To complicate the picture even further, covers of Marvin Gaye and Ray Charles could make you suspect it's more for the R&B market, while the presence of Little Feat drummer Richie Hayward, keyboardist Bill Payne, and the ubiquitous Bonnie Raitt justifies speculation that the slant may be towards a mainstream popular-music audience.

As for the cameo by country singer Travis Tritt, I'm still scratching my head over that one.

Guy has been called by many the greatest guitarist alive. Of course, statements like that are made for liner notes, but, in Guy's case, they're not far

from the truth. What's ironic is that, when Guy made his first records in 1958 for the Cobra label and not long afterwards for Phil and Leonard Chess, he was known more for his soulful, heart-wrenching vocals than for his guitar chops.

Thirty-five years later, *Feels Like Rain* no longer makes a clear distinction between the "best guitarist on the planet" and the singer extraordinaire. Guy has attained legendary status, and his latest recording is simply another addition to his legacy.

The album's title cut, John Haitt's ballad "Feels Like Rain," gives Raitt an opportunity to share vocal chores with Guy and show off her rather subdued slide guitar. This ballad and an excellent version of Gaye's "Trouble Man" also provide Guy with a perfect vehicle for his voice. At first, these may seem like odd tunes for a bluesman to include on an album, but Guy has always been one to help redefine the limits of the blues. As far back as 1970, for example, he recorded for Vanguard a version of Herbie Hancock's "Watermelon Man" — hardly normal material for a bluesman today, let alone a quarter of a century ago.

Not to worry, though. There's also plenty of straight-ahead blues on *Feels Like Rain*. I have in mind in particular the homage Guy pays to his former mentor, Muddy Waters, in an exhilarating version of "She's Nineteen Years Old," as well as John Mayall's guest appearance on piano and vocals in Junior Wells' "I Could Cry." On the latter, Guy and Mayall make a gallant attempt to play off each other's riffs, but it doesn't have the natural feel of Guy's and Wells' collaborations on the latter's Delmark recordings.

**T**he highlight of *Feels Like Rain* has to be the six-minute version of Guy's own "Country Man." You couldn't ask for a more fitting finale for this 11-song release, as it's a classic showcase for the vocal intensity and hard-driving blues-guitar mastery that have brought Guy the fame and fortune he's enjoying today.

To recap, then. On first hearing *Feels Like Rain*, you may be inclined to wonder if it's the work of a legendary performer who's sold out to a slick label, in an attempt to make the blues highly profitable. After all, blues

**Jeanette M. Larson,**

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albums are known for being *recorded*, not produced like so much of today's music, and *Feels Like Rain* has the polish and sound of a well-produced recording. The presence of McLagan, Hayward, Payne, and Rogers is also highly suspicious, and the vocal work by Tritt on John Fogerty's "Couldn't Change the Weather" is definitely calculated to make you ask yourself if someone isn't trying to make a few bucks in the country cross-over market.

Still, call it what you like, in the end *Feels Like Rain* remains a fine addition to Guy's outstanding discography and, if it sells a few extra copies to die-hard fans of Raitt or Little Feat, so much the better. What matters finally is that Guy is a great artist whose latest album deserves a place, not only in the collection of every blues fan, but of every R&B, rock-'n'-blues, pop, soul, and country fan, too.

Peter Gaulke hosts *Confessin' the Blues* on JPR's Rhythm & News service.



## Nazareth and Nepomuk

**I**N THE old days, when it came to buying records or tapes, I could afford to be a gambler. I'd fork out up to \$7 to hear an LP of works by Schmolowitz simply because I'd never heard of him and felt compelled to find out whether his music sounded as ridiculous as his name.

Today, though, given the \$15 price tag for the typical classical compact disc, I have to be more cautious. I'm not affluent enough to spend that kind of money on something I'll listen to only once.

Fortunately, my local public library has a growing collection of CDs I can borrow without any financial risk. And that's how I got to know the *Brazilian Tangos and Waltzes* of Ernesto Nazareth (1863-1934), as performed by pianist Arturo Moreira Lima on a ProArte CD (CDD144).

Till then, the only Nazareth I'd ever heard of was the Jesus-of kind, and I associated Lima with Peru or beans, depending on how you pronounced it. So I checked this CD out just because the title grabbed me, and it was a fortunate impulse, as I was bowled over by both Nazareth and Lima from the very first hearing.

This is one of those rare collections of piano pieces that are immediately accessible and yet wear well with repeated playing. The music sounds like a cross between Chopin and Scott Joplin, set to a Brazilian beat, and the pianist, a Moscow-trained Brazilian, is fantastic — clear, powerful, and technically brilliant. This recording also reproduces the piano as well as I've ever heard it done. On it, the instrument sounds the way the one in my living room would, if only I could play like Lima.

ProArte has also issued a CD called *Brazilian Dances* (CDD312), on which Lima is again the pianist and more than half the music is by Nazareth. I wish this second CD had been exclusively devoted to Nazareth, who was very prolific (though he wrote only for the piano), and that a third CD had been made by Lima of dances by other Brazilian composers.

Among the non-Nazareth pieces on *Brazilian Dances* is the most famous (to Americans, at least) Brazilian tango ever written: Da Arbeau's "Tico-Tico no fuba." You may not recognize the name of the composer or the piece, but I'm sure you'd find the music very familiar. And Lima's interpretation makes this popular classic more exciting than ever.

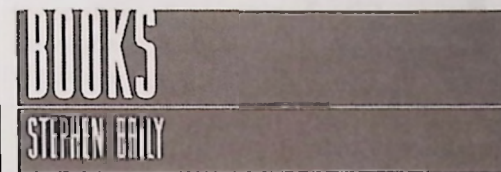
**S**PEAKING OF composers who sound like Chopin, have you ever heard of Johann Nepomuk Hummel? Well, now you have, and it's a great name to bring up if you get stumped for small talk at a cocktail party. Hummel (1778-1837), whose music sounds like a cross between Mozart and Chopin, came on the scene between those two immortals — and indeed Mozart was one of his teachers.

Your respect for old Nepomuk will increase dramatically when you realize that he wrote his piano concertos before Chopin ever dreamed of his, and that he may well deserve some of the credit for the originality that Chopin has been celebrated for all these years.

In any case, the Musical Heritage Society has issued a CD of two Hummel *Piano Concertos* (MHS 512071K) very competently executed by the British pianist Stephen Hough, with Bryden Thomson conducting the English Chamber Orchestra. The all-digital disc, which lasts more than an hour, is first-class in every respect, except for the conventionally designed, cheap-looking black-and-white cover of the well-annotated brochure.

Recordings of the Musical Heritage Society, incidentally, are available only by mail to members of the society (1710 Highway 35, Ocean, NJ 07712). The society's prices are competitive, and it's one of the best sources I know for off-the-beaten-track works that have been unjustly neglected.

If you think you'd enjoy your "Chopin" with a Brazilian beat or a German accent, these CDs should be in your collection.



## You could look it up

Merriam-Webster's Collegiate Dictionary. Tenth edition; 1,559 pp.; \$21.95 (price may vary).

**I**N HIGH SCHOOL, I had a friend so enamored of the second edition of Webster's unabridged that he went nuts one day and made off with the copy in the school library. No, he didn't walk out with it under his coat. Nobody has a coat that big. But, as it happened, he was confined to a wheelchair, so he was able to pull off the theft "by sitting," as he liked to put it, "on the English language."

The guidance counselor they forced him to see after an eyewitness ratted on him to the librarian thought she was up against some bizarre form of antisocial behavior. This was because she was the sort of person to whom a dictionary is only a reference book, and by whom news of the publication of a new edition of the *Collegiate* would have been received with a shrug.

Fortunately for the reputation of



psychology, she soon abandoned her profession in favor of marriage to a Cadillac dealer.

The first dictionary I ever bought — not having the nerve to steal it — was a *Collegiate*, and 35 years later I still have it, though I couldn't tell you which edition it is because the binding is shot and the title page has fallen out. Needless to say, I've left instructions in my will that I'm to be buried with this faithful companion, but since 1985 I've been shamelessly cheating on it with the ninth edition of the *Collegiate*, which is the dictionary we have in the office.

I refer to the Ninth six or seven times in the course of an average day, so I must have opened it ten thousand times in the past eight years — and it's almost never disappointed me. Could I make a similar claim for anything else in the world? Hmm. I'd have to take a month or two off to think about that. . . .

Not that the *Collegiate* is the only good abridged dictionary around. At home, I tend to favor *Webster's New World* (published by Simon and Schuster, not Merriam-Webster), because it seems to me a little more legible. The *American Heritage* isn't bad either — not if you like looking at pictures anyhow — but, in the final analysis, the *Collegiate* has been tops since the publication of the Ninth, because, unlike its rivals, it tells you the year a word first made its appearance in print. Before the Ninth, you had to go to an unabridged for this invaluable information; and though everyone should own an unabridged, the 13 volumes of the *Oxford English Dictionary* aren't exactly convenient to consult while you're reading in bed, not even in the two-volume photographic reduction. (I used to own the latter — got it for fifteen bucks in the early '70s by holding my nose and joining the Book of the Month Club — and though you could go blind consulting it, it's been the great sorrow of my life that I've never been able to afford to replace it in the ten years since I lost it, along with most of my other worldly possessions, to an ex-wife.)

**N**OW, HOWEVER, that the tenth edition of the *Collegiate* has appeared, is it time to retire the Ninth? Only at gunpoint. You should never throw away your old dictionaries, if only because it's fascinating to see how definitions change over the years.

Take — to choose a word at random from under A — *agoraphobia*. My 35-year-old *Collegiate* defines this as "morbid dread of crossing, or being in the midst of, open spaces." Well, that's passable, I suppose; though just barely. The Ninth forsakes the elegant 18th-century syntax, but atones for it by slightly improving the definition: "abnormal fear of crossing or of being in open or public places." But now compare the Tenth: "abnormal fear of being helpless in an embarrassing or unescapable situation that's characterized especially by the avoidance of open or public places." The style is awful — you have to read the definition twice on account of the dangled relative clause — but the *Collegiate* has clearly learned something about morbid psychology in the past eight years, wouldn't you say?

*Agoraphobia*, it tells us, too, didn't enter the language till 1873. I guess, before that, people didn't freak out in public places; or, if they did, they were too well-bred to talk about it.

**I**DON'T WANT to leave you with the impression that the Tenth is without defects. For one thing, what are we to make of a dictionary that calls itself the "voice of authority" and gets its own name wrong? (The correct name is Merriam-Webster, but the hyphen is missing both on the jacket and on the cover.) The "voice of authority" also proves to have a tin ear, in places. Consider — to choose a word at random from under B — *bigot* (1661). In everyday speech, this has been synonymous for a long time with *racist*, but the Tenth supplies only the original meaning: "a person obstinately and intolerantly devoted to his or her own prejudices" (note, too, the redundant "his or her," a politically correct abomination not to be found in the Ninth, so abruptly has fashion overtaken lexicography). For a dictionary that aspires, in its preface, "to serve the general public as its chief source of information about the words of our language," this inadequate handling of a word in such widespread use is a serious lapse; but the Tenth is far from alone in it. I looked in nine or ten dictionaries, including my three unabridgeds, and found only one that defines *bigot* as "a person who holds a prejudice against a racial or religious

group." Ironically, this was the otherwise mostly terrible *Oxford American Dictionary* (1980), which spoils its outstanding performance in this instance by omitting the original meaning of *bigot*.

The Tenth isn't quite right, by the way, in saying that *bigot* didn't appear till the mid-17th century. The word is found in Shakespeare, though only as the name of a minor character in *King John*. This I learn from my wonderful two-volume *Shakespeare Lexicon*, published in 1874, not in England, but in Germany, by a madman named Alexander Schmidt. Schmidt defines *all* the words used by Shakespeare, and cites every passage in which each word occurs. Now if you want to talk about a dictionary worth sitting on. . . .

## Reviewer eats crow

In a reply last month to a letter from Wen Smith, I claimed Ronald Reagan opened his 1980 presidential campaign in a Mississippi town with notorious Klan associations. Whoops! Reagan opened his campaign against the backdrop of the Statue of Liberty. It was Jimmy Carter who launched his reelection bid in Tuscumbia, Alabama (not Mississippi, as I misremembered it), in front of a crowd that included a number of robed Klansmen, whom he rebuked. In defense of my defective memory, all I can say is that, if it wasn't Reagan in Tuscumbia, it should have been. After all — to cite only two of many depressing examples — as president he tried to gut the 1965 Voting Rights Act, thanks to which the number of blacks registered to vote in the south had doubled (he'd previously characterized this historic Act as "humiliating to the south"); and he wanted to grant federal tax exemptions to Bob Jones University, which expelled interracial couples, and to the Goldsboro Christian Schools, which barred blacks on grounds that God had separated the races. As Reagan told a reporter for the *Los Angeles Times* while he was governor of California, when asked how he'd answer a black man who asserted a right to live wherever he could afford to, "I agree with him. [But] the people who are infected with the sickness of prejudice and discrimination . . . have certain constitutional rights."



## Specials this Month

### CLASSICS & NEWS SERVICE KSOR / KSRS

Join us on Sunday, July 4, at 12:30 p.m. for the Ashland City Band's annual patriotic concert, live from Ashland's Lithia Park. The ACB concert will be followed at 2 p.m. by a tape-delayed broadcast of Chicago's Grant Park Independence Eve concert, with plenty of American music — and fireworks!

### Rhythm & News Service KSMF / KSBA / KSKF / KAGI / KNCA

Fans of classic jazz will be happy to hear the return of **Riverwalk: Live at the Landing**, a six-month series of live performances featuring the Jim Cullum Jazz Band. **Riverwalk** returns Saturdays at noon, beginning July 3.

### News & Information Service KSJK

Join computer expert John C. Dvorak for **Software/Hardtalk**, a new weekly series examining the computer industry, Fridays at 1 p.m., beginning July 3.

## Volunteer Profiles: Thomas G. Price, Esq.

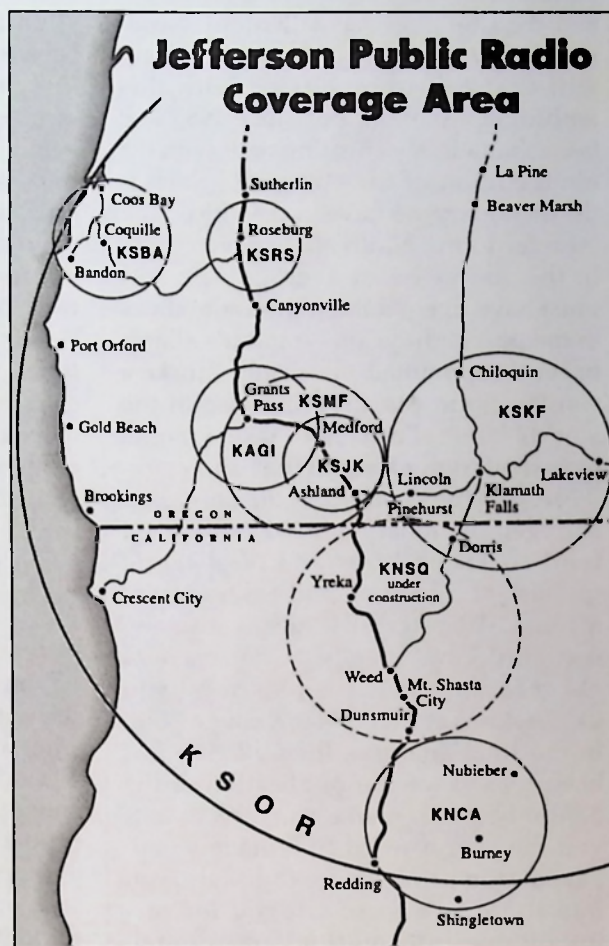
Tom goes by his full name (plus the "esq.") around here because we have another Thomas Price (who hosts Sunday Siskiyou Music Hall).

Tom, or "esquire," hosts Jazz Wednesday on the Rhythm and News service, and has engineered SOSC football and basketball broadcasts on KSJK.

A senior broadcasting major from Hillsboro, Ore., Tom has always loved radio.

"When I was in junior high, my friend and I used to hang out at Monte Carlo nights at the local bowling alley, and we'd do mock play-by-play broadcasts of the action," he says.

Tom will graduate later this year, and he wants to make sportscasting a career. This summer he's landed a job engineering the radio broadcasts for the Medford As.



### Dial Positions in Translator Communities

Bandon .....	91.7	Happy Camp .....	91.9
Big Bend, CA .....	91.3	Jacksonville .....	91.9
Brookings .....	91.1	Klamath Falls .....	90.5
Burney .....	90.9	Lakeview .....	89.5
Callahan .....	89.1	Langlois, Sixes .....	91.3
Camas Valley .....	88.7	LaPine, Beaver Marsh .....	89.1
Canyonville .....	91.9	Lincoln .....	88.7
Cave Junction .....	90.9	McCloud, Dunsmuir ..	88.3
Chiloquin .....	91.7	Merrill, Malin, Tulelake .....	91.9
Coquille .....	88.1	Port Orford .....	90.5
Coos Bay .....	89.1	Parts of Port Orford, Coquille .....	91.9
Crescent City .....	91.7	Redding .....	90.9
Dead Indian-Emigrant Lake .....	88.1	Roseburg .....	91.9
Ft. Jones, Etna .....	91.1	Sutherlin, Glide .....	89.3
Gasquet .....	89.1	Weed .....	89.5
Gold Beach .....	91.5	Yreka, Montague .....	91.5
Grants Pass .....	88.9		



# CLASSICS & NEWS

**KSQR 90.1 FM**  
ASHLAND

KSQR dial positions for translator communities  
listed on previous page

**KSRS 91.5 FM**  
ROSEBURG

Monday through Friday		Saturday	Sunday
5:00 Morning Edition	4:30 Jefferson Daily	6:00 Weekend Edition	6:00 Weekend Edition
7:00 First Concert	5:00 All Things Considered	8:00 First Concert	8:00 Millennium of Music
12:00 News	6:30 Marketplace	10:30 Jefferson Public Radio Opera	9:30 St. Paul Sunday Morning
12:10 Siskiyou Music Hall	7:00 State Farm Music Hall	2:00 Chicago Symphony	11:00 Siskiyou Music Hall
4:00 All Things Considered	7:30 Ashland City Band	4:00 All Things Considered	2:00 Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra (begins July 11)
		5:00 America and the World	4:00 All Things Considered
		5:30 Pipedreams	5:00 State Farm Music Hall
		7:00 State Farm Music Hall	

## Rhythm & News

**KSMF 89.1 FM**  
ASHLAND

**KSBA 88.5 FM**  
COOS BAY

**KSKF 90.9 FM**  
KLAMATH FALLS

**KAGI AM 930**  
GRANTS PASS

**KNCA 89.7 FM**  
BURNLEY

Monday through Friday		Saturday	Sunday
5:00 Morning Edition	Tribute to Isaac Asimov: Foundation (Wednesdays)	6:00 Weekend Edition	6:00 Weekend Edition
9:00 Open Air	Milky Way Starlight Theater (Thursdays)	10:00 Car Talk	9:00 Jazz Sunday
3:00 Marian McPartland's Piano Jazz (Fridays)	Creole Gumbo Radio Show (Fridays)	11:00 Living on Earth	2:00 Jazzset
4:00 All Things Considered	9:30 Iowa Radio Project (Wednesdays)	11:30 Jazz Revisited	3:00 Confessin' the Blues
6:30 Jefferson Daily	Ken Nordine's Word Jazz (Thursdays)	12:00 Riverwalk: Live from the Landing	4:00 New Dimensions
7:00 Echoes	10:00 Jazz (Mon-Wed)	1:00 Afropop Worldwide	5:00 All Things Considered
9:00 Le Show (Mondays)	Jazzset (Thursdays)	2:00 World Beat Show	6:00 Folk Show
Selected Shorts (Tuesdays)	Vintage Jazz (Fridays)	5:00 All Things Considered	8:00 Thistle & Shamrock
		6:00 Rhythm Revue	9:00 Music from the Hearts of Space
		8:00 Grateful Dead Hour	10:00 Possible Musics
		9:00 BluesStage	
		10:00 Blues Show	

## News & Information

**KSJK AM 1230**  
TALENT

Monday through Friday		Saturday	Sunday
5:00 Monitoradio Early Edition	2:00 Monitoradio	6:00 Weekend Edition	6:00 Weekend Edition
6:00 Morning Edition	3:00 Marketplace	10:00 Horizons	10:00 Sound Money
10:00 BBC Newshour	3:30 As It Happens	10:30 Talk of the Town	11:00 Sunday Morning
11:00 Talk of the Nation	4:30 Jefferson Daily	11:00 Zorba Pastor on Your Health	2:00 El Sol Latino
1:00 Talk of the Town (Mon.)	5:00 All Things Considered	12:00 Parents Journal	8:00 All Things Considered
Soundprint (Tues.)	6:30 Marketplace	1:00 C-Span Weekly Radio Journal	9:00 BBC News
Crossroads (Wed.)	7:00 MacNeil-Lehrer Newshour	2:00 Commonwealth Club	
Milky Way Starlight Theater (Thur.)	8:00 BBC Newshour	3:00 Second Thoughtss	
Software/Hardtalk (Fri.)	9:00 Pacifica News	3:30 Second Opinions	
1:30 Pacifica News	9:30 All Things Considered	4:00 Car Talk	
2:00 Jefferson Exchange (Mon.)	11:00 Sign-off	5:00 All Things Considered	
		6:00 To The Best of Our Knowledge	
		8:00 All Things Considered	
		9:00 BBC News	



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# CLASSICS & NEWS SERVICE

## Monday-Friday

### 5:00-6:50 am • Morning Edition

The latest in-depth international and national news from National Public Radio, with host Bob Edwards.

### 6:50-7:00 am • JPR Morning News

Includes weather for the region and Russell Sadler's Oregon Outlook commentaries.

### 7:00am-Noon • First Concert

Classical music, with hosts Pat Daly and Peter Van De Graaff. Includes: NPR news at 7:01 and 8:01, *Star Date* at 7:35 am, *Marketplace Morning Report* at 8:35 am, *As It Was* at 9:30, and the *Calendar of the Arts* at 9:00 am

### Noon-12:15pm • NPR News, Regional Weather and Calendar of the Arts

### 12:15-4:00pm • Siskiyou Music Hall

Classical Music, hosted by Russ Levin. Includes *As It Was* at 1:00 pm and *Star Date* at 3:30 pm.

### 4:00-4:30pm • All Things Considered

The latest news from NPR, with hosts Linda Wertheimer, Robert Siegel, and Noah Adams. Continues at 5:00 pm.

### 4:30-5:00pm • The Jefferson Daily

Jefferson Public Radio's weekday magazine, with regional news, interviews, features and commentary.

### 5:00-6:30pm • All Things Considered

### 6:30-7:00pm • Marketplace

The day's business and financial news, with host Jim Angle.

### 7:00-2:00am • State Farm Music Hall

Your participating Jackson and Josephine County State Farm Insurance agents bring you classical music every night, with hosts Scott Kuiper and Peter Van De Graaff.

## Saturday

### 6:00-8:00am • Weekend Edition

National and international news from NPR, including analysis from NPR's senior news analyst, Daniel Schorr.

### 8:00-10:30am • First Concert

Classical music to start your weekend, hosted by Pat Daly and John Baxter. Includes *Nature Notes* with Dr. Frank Lang at 8:30am, *Calendar of the Arts* at 9:00am, *As It Was* at 9:30am and *Speaking of Words* with Wen Smith at 10:00am.

### 10:30-2:00pm • Jefferson Public Radio Opera

Complete Operas from Jefferson Public Radio's opera

library. Your hosts for this series are Ron Kramer and Russ Levin.

### 2:00-4:00pm • The Chicago Symphony

Weekly concerts featuring the CSO conducted by Music Director Daniel Barenboim as well as distinguished guest conductors.

### 4:00-5:00pm • All Things Considered

The latest international and national news from NPR.

### 5:00-5:30pm • America and the World

Richard C. Hottelet hosts this weekly discussion of foreign affairs, produced by NPR.

### 5:30-7:00pm • Pipedreams

Michael Barone's weekly program devoted to music for the pipe organ.

### 7:00-2:00am • State Farm Music Hall

Your participating Jackson County State Farm Insurance Agents bring you classical music, with hosts Scott Kuiper and Peter Van De Graaff.

## Sunday

### 6:00-8:00am • Weekend Edition

The latest national and international news from NPR, with host Liane Hansen – and a visit from "The Puzzle Guy."

### 8:00-9:30am • Millenium of Music

Robert Aubry Davis surveys the rich – and largely unknown – treasures of European music up to the time of J.S. Bach.

### 9:30-11:00am • St. Paul Sunday Morning

Exclusive chamber music performances produced for the public radio audience, featuring the world's finest soloists and ensembles. Bill McLaughlin hosts.

### 11:00-2:00pm • Siskiyou Music Hall

Thomas Price brings you music from Jefferson Public Radio's classical library.

### 2:00-4:00pm • Beginning July 11: The Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra

Christof Pevek assumes the post of director of the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra this year, and leads the orchestra in this 13-week series of concerts.

### 4:00-5:00pm • All Things Considered

The latest news from NPR.

### 5:00-2:00am • State Farm Music Hall

Your participating Jackson County State Farm Insurance agents present classical music, with hosts Scott Kuiper and Peter Van De Graaff.



## Program Highlights for July

\* indicates composer's birthday

### First Concert

Jul 1 Th DVORAK: Czech Suite  
Jul 2 F MOZART: Symphony No. 41

Jul 5 M BEETHOVEN: Violin Sonata No. 8  
Jul 6 T VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: Variations on  
a Theme by Thomas Tallis  
Jul 7 W HAYDN: Symphony No. 88  
Jul 8 Th STRAVINSKY: *Dances Concertantes*  
Jul 9 F SCHUBERT: Sonata for Arpeggione

Jul 12 M MOZART: Piano Concerto No. 22  
Jul 13 T BARTOK: Music for Strings,  
Percussion, and Celeste  
Jul 14 W HANDEL: Concerto Grosso, Op. 6, No.  
5  
Jul 15 Th RAVEL: *Le Tombeau de Couperin*  
Jul 16 F GRIEG: Violin Sonata No. 2

Jul 19 M PROKOFIEV: Piano Concerto No. 1  
Jul 20 T PAINE: Larghetto and Humoreske  
Jul 21 W SCHUBERT: Sonata in C Minor  
Jul 22 Th RAVEL: String Quartet  
\*Jul 23 F BERWALD: Symphony No. 4 ("Naive")

Jul 26 M SUK: Serenade for Strings  
Jul 27 T SAINT-SAENS: *Carnival of the  
Animals*  
Jul 28 W DEBUSSY: *La Mer*  
Jul 29 Th MOZART: Bassoon Concerto  
Jul 30 F DOHNANYI: Variations on a Nursery  
Theme

### Siskiyou Music Hall

Jul 1 Th BEETHOVEN: String Quartet  
Jul 2 F SHOSTAKOVICH: Symphony No. 9

Jul 5 M STRAUSS: Piano Quartet  
Jul 6 T HAYDN: Violin Concerto in C  
\*Jul 7 W MAHLER: Symphony No. 1 ("Titan")  
Jul 8 Th BEETHOVEN: Piano Concerto No. 2  
Jul 9 F RESPIGHI: *Roman Festivals*

Jul 12 M MOZART: Flute Sonata in G  
Jul 13 T PROKOFIEV: Symphony No. 6

Jul 14 W BEETHOVEN: Piano Sonata in C  
("Waldstein")  
Jul 15 Th MENDELSSOHN: Violin Concerto  
Jul 16 F BRAHMS: String Quartet No. 3

Jul 19 M HAYDN: Symphony No. 78  
Jul 20 T HOLST: *The Planets*  
Jul 21 W HOFFMEISTER: Clarinet Concerto  
Jul 22 Th HINDEMITH: Symphony: *Mathis der  
Maler*  
Jul 24 F HUMMEL: Piano Concerto in B Minor

Jul 26 M WIENIAWSKI: Violin Concerto No. 2  
Jul 27 T WEBER: Quintet for Clarinet and  
Strings  
Jul 28 W WALTON: Cello Concerto  
Jul 29 Th WAGNER: Overture and March from  
*Tannhauser*  
Jul 30 F WEILL: *Threepenny Music*

### Chicago Symphony

Jul 3 Beethoven: Coriolan Overture, Op. 62;  
Symphony No. 8 in F, Op. 93; Dvorak: Symphony  
No. 9 in E Minor, Op. 95 ("New World"). Roger  
Norrington, conductor.  
Jul 10 Stravinsky: Symphony in C;  
Bizet/Shchedrin: Carmen Suite for Percussion and  
Strings. Erich Leinsdorf, Conductor.  
Jul 17 Sibelius: *The Swan of Tuonela*, Op. 22,  
Violin Concerto in D Minor, Op. 47; Nielsen:  
Symphony No. 3, Op. 27 ("Sinfonia espansiva").  
Herbert Blomstedt, conductor. Ruben Gonzalez,  
violin.  
Jul 24 Berio: Continuo; Brahms: Piano Concerto  
No. 2 in B flat, Op. 83. Daniel Barenboim, conductor.  
Yefim Bronfman, piano.  
Jul 31 Sowerby: Concert Overture for  
Orchestra; Ravel: *Valses Nobles et sentimentales*;  
Franck: *Le chasseur maudit*; Kalinnikov: Symphony  
No. 1 in G Minor. Catherine Comet, conductor.

### Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra

Jul 11 Mel Powell: Settings for Small Orchestra  
(World Premiere); Mozart: Violin concerto No. 3 in  
G, K. 216; Beethoven: Symphony No. 4 in B flat, Op.  
60. Christof Perick, conductor. Anne Akiko Meyers,  
violin.  
Jul 18 Berg: Three pieces from the Lyric Suite  
(1929); Vivaldi: Sinfonia in G, sonata a4 in E flat,  
Concerto in E minor, Trio Sonata in C Minor,  
Concerto in G Minor, Guitar Concerto in D. Christof  
Perick, conductor. Kazuhito Yamashita, guitar.  
Jul 25 Ravel: Mother Goose Suite; Berlioz: *Les  
Nuits d'ete*, Op. 7; Bizet: Symphony No. 1 in C.  
Christof Perick, conductor. Susan Graham, contralto.

### St. Paul Sunday Morning

Jul 4 American String Quartet. Haydn: Quartet  
in A, Op. 55, No. 1; Bartok: Quarter No. 4;  
Dvorak: Quartet in F, Op. 96  
("American").  
Jun 11 Empire Brass. Music by Rimsky-  
Korsakov, Bach, Turina, Duke Ellington,  
and others.  
Jul 18 Peabody Trio. Haydn: Trio No. 22 in A;  
Dvorak: Trio No. 1 in B flat, Op. 211;  
Bright Sheng: Four Movements for Piano  
Trio.  
Jul 25 Paula Robison, Flute; John Gibbons, piano.  
Bach: Sonata in B Minor, BWV 1030;  
LeClair: Sonata in G, Op. 9; Hotteterre:  
Echos for flute; Couperin: "Le rossignol en  
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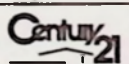


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# Rhythm & News Service

## Monday-Friday

### 5:00-9:00am • Morning Edition

The latest national and international news from NPR,  
with host Bob Edwards.

### 9:00-4:00pm • Open Air

An upbeat blend of contemporary jazz, blues, world  
beat and pop music, hosted by Keith Henty and  
Colleen Pyke. Includes NPR news updates at a  
minute past each hour, Ask Dr. Science at 9:30 am, As  
It Was at 10:30am and Birdwatch at 2:30pm.

### 4:00-6:30pm • All Things Considered

The latest national and international news from  
NPR, with hosts Linda Wertheimer, Robert Siegel, and  
Noah Adams.

### 6:30-7:00pm • The Jefferson Daily

Jefferson Public Radio's weekday magazine, with  
regional news, interviews, features and commentary.

### 7:00-9:00pm • Echoes

John Diliberto blends exciting contemporary music  
into an evening listening experience both challenging  
and relaxing.

### 9:00-10:00pm • Monday: Le Show

Actor and satirist Harry Shearer (one of the creators  
of the spoof band "Spinal Tap") creates this weekly  
mix of music and very biting satire.

### 9:00-10:00pm • Tuesday: Selected Shorts

Want someone to tell you a story? This series from  
NPR, recorded live at New York City's Symphony  
Space, features some of this country's finest actors  
reading short stories.

### 9:00-9:30pm • Wednesday: Dreams of Rio

Radio hero Jack Flanders takes on Brazil in the  
pursuit of treasure!

### 9:30-10:00pm • Wednesday: The Iowa Radio Projects

Audio nuttiness from Dan Coffey (a.k.a Dr. Science).

### 9:00-9:30pm • Thursday: The Milky Way Starlight Theatre

Richard Moeschl, Brian Parkins and Traci Batchelder  
create this weekly look at the people, cultures and  
places that make up the human side of astronomy.

### 9:30-10:00pm • Thursday: Ken Nordine's Word Jazz

Strange and wonderful word/sound journeys from  
one of the most famous voices in broadcasting.

### 9:00-10:00pm • The Creole Gumbo Radio Show

Host Mista Twista serves up a spicy gumbo of  
musical treats from Louisiana, including soul and  
R&B, Cajun folk, blues and zydeco.

### 10:00-11:00pm • Thursday: Jazzset

NPR's weekly show devoted to live jazz, hosted by  
saxophonist Branford Marsalis.

### 10:00-2:00pm • Jazz

Contemporary, mainstream, big band, fusion, avant-  
garde – a little of everything. Fridays are devoted to  
vintage jazz.

## Saturday

### 6:00-10:00am • Weekend Edition

The latest national and international news from NPR.

### 10:00-11:00am • Car Talk

Click & Clack, the Tappet Bros., also known as Tom  
and Ray Magliozzi, mix excellent automotive advice  
with their own brand of offbeat humor. Is it possible  
to skin your knuckles and laugh at the same time?

### 11:00-11:30am • Living on Earth

NPR's weekly magazine devoted to environmental  
news, hosted by Steve Curwood.

### 11:30-Noon • Jazz Revisited

Hazen Schumacher brings you the best of the first  
three decades of recorded American jazz: 1917-1947.

### Noon-1:00pm • Riverwalk: Live from the Landing

Six months of classic jazz from the Landing in San  
Antonio, Texas, with the Jim Cullum Jazz Band.

### 1:00-2:00pm • AfroPop Worldwide

One of the benefits of the shrinking world is the  
availability of new and exciting forms of music.  
African broadcaster Georges Collinet brings you the  
latest pop music from Africa, the Caribbean, South  
America and the Middle East.

### 2:00-5:00pm • The World Beat Show

Thom Little brings you Afropop, reggae, calypso,  
soca, salsa, and many other kinds of upbeat world  
music.

### 5:00-6:00pm • All Things Considered

The latest national and international news from NPR.

### 6:00-8:00pm • Rhythm Revue

Felix Hernandez hosts two hours of classic soul, R&B  
and roots rock.

### 8:00-9:00pm • The Grateful Dead Hour

David Gans with a weekly tour through the nearly  
endless archives of concert recordings by the  
legendary band.

### 9:00-10:00pm • BluesStage

There's nothing like a live blues band, and this NPR  
series travels the country to bring you both blues  
legends and hot new artists in club and concert  
performances.



## 10:00-2:00am • The Blues Show

Jason Brummitt, Peter Gaulke and Lars Svendsgaard with the best in blues.

**Sunday**

## 6:00-9:00am • Weekend Edition

The latest national and international news from NPR, with host Liane Hansen – and a visit from "The Puzzle Guy."

## 9:00-2:00pm • Jazz Sunday

Contemporary jazz with host Michael Clark.

## 2:00-3:00pm • Jazzset

NPR's weekly program devoted to live jazz performances, hosted by jazz saxophonist Branford Marsalis.

## 3:00-4:00pm • Confessin' the Blues

Peter Gaulke focuses on the rich legacy of recorded American blues.

## 4:00-5:00pm • New Dimensions

This weekly interview series focuses on thinkers on the leading edge of change. Michael and Justine Toms host.

## 5:00-6:00pm • All Things Considered

The latest national and international news from NPR.

## 6:00-8:00pm • The Folk Show

Keri Green brings you the best in contemporary folk music.

## 8:00-9:00pm • The Thistle and Shamrock

Fiona Ritchie's weekly survey of Celtic music from Ireland, Scotland and Brittany.

## 9:00-10:00pm • Music from the Hearts of Space

Contemporary, meditative "space music" hosted by Stephen Hill.

## 10:00-2:00am • Possible Musics

Space music and new age music in an interesting soundscape.

## Program Highlights for July

### Marian McPartland's Piano Jazz

- Jul 2 Ruth Brown
- Jul 9 Jim McNeely
- Jul 16 Cy Coleman
- Jul 23 Tony Bennett
- Jul 30 James Dapogny

### AfroPop Worldwide

- Jul 3 Cab Driver's Choice
- Jul 10 Special live recording to be announced
- Jul 17 A Visit to Lagos, Nigeria
- Jul 24 Summer Mix
- Jul 31 Trad Guitar from Africa

### New Dimensions

- Jul 4 The New Story in Business, with Charles Garfield

- Jul 11 The Morning of the World: Bali, with Diana Darling
- Jul 18 Don't Get Even — Get Odd, with Swami Beyondananda
- Jul 25 Creating Artificial Life, with Steven Levy

### Confessin' the Blues

- Jul 4 Blues Musicians' Support by Big Pop/Rock Names
- Jul 11 Chicago Breakdown: The '30s
- Jul 18 Jackson County Fair Blues Festival preview
- Jul 25 Chicago Breakdown: The '40s

### Jazzset

- Jul 1,4 Joey DeFrancesco, the Jesse Davis Septet
- Jul 8,11 Arturo Sandoval
- Jul 15, 18 Duets: Donal Fox/John Stubblefield; Geri Allen/Dewey Redman; Terence Blanchard/Bruce Barth
- Jul 22/25 Roy Haynes Quartet
- Jul 29 Eddie Marshall Quintet

### Thistle and Shamrock

- Jul 4 A Celtic Wedding
- Jul 11 A Celtic Childhood
- Jul 18 Maura O'Connell
- Jul 25 Highly Strung

### Blues Stage

- Jul 3 Magic Slim and the Teardrops
- Jul 10 Carey Bell, Hubert Sumlin, James Cotton
- Jul 17 Robert Ross, Irma Thomaas
- Jul 24 Robert Cray, Booker T. and the MGs

### Riverwalk

- Jul 3 The Inventive Mr. Edison: The Life and Music of Harry "Sweets" Edison
- Jul 10 Joe Oliver is Still King
- Jul 17 Yerba Buena: The Gershwin Legacy
- Jul 24 'Swonderful: The Gershwin Legacy
- Jul 31 After Hours Classic Jam: The Jim Cullum Band with Dick Hyman



Creole Gumbo host Mista Twista.

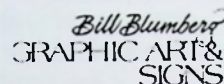
## JPR PROGRAM UNDERWRITERS



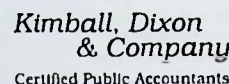
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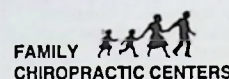
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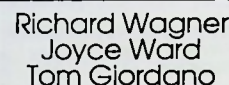
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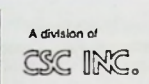
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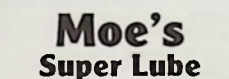
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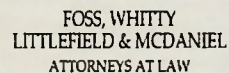
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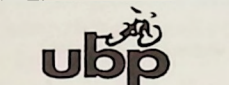
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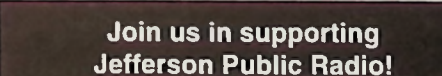
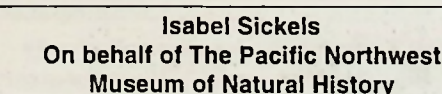
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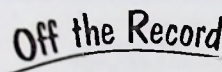
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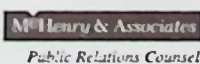
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# News & Information Service

## Monday-Friday

### 5:00-6:00am • Monitoradio

The latest national and international news from the radio news service of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

### 6:00-10:00am • Morning Edition

The latest national and international news from NPR, hosted by Bob Edwards.

### 10:00-11:00am • BBC Newshour

News from around the world from the world service of the British Broadcasting Company.

### 11:00-1:00pm • Talk of the Nation

NPR's mid-day nationwide call-in program. If you'd like to participate, call 1-800-989-TALK.

### 1:00-1:30pm • Monday: Talk of the Town

Claire Collins hosts this interview program devoted to local and regional issues.

### 1:00-1:30pm • Tuesday: Soundprint

This audio documentary series has won more radio journalism awards than any other.

### 1:00-1:30pm • Wednesday: Crossroads

NPR's weekly news magazine devoted to issues of women and minorities.

### 1:00-1:30pm • Thursday: The Milky Way Starlight Theatre

Richard Moeschl, Brian Parkins and Traci Ann Batchelder create this weekly look to the people, culture and places that make up the human side of astronomy.

### 1:00-1:30pm • Friday: Software Hardtalk

Computer expert John C. Dvorak hosts this discussion of the latest happenings in the computer world.

### 1:30-2:00pm • Pacifica News

National and international news from the Pacifica News Service.

### 2:00-3:00pm • Monday: The Jefferson Exchange

Wen Smith, Ken Marlin and Mary Margaret Van Diest host a call-in discussion of issues of importance to Southern Oregon.

### 2:00-3:00pm • Tuesday-Friday: Monitoradio

The afternoon edition of the daily news magazine from the radio news service of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

### 3:00-3:30pm • Marketplace

The day's business and financial news, with host Jim Angle.

### 3:30-4:30pm • As It Happens

National and international news from the Canadian

Broadcasting Corporation.

### 4:30-5:00pm • The Jefferson Daily

Jefferson Public Radio's weekday magazine with news, interviews, features and commentary.

### 5:00-6:30pm • All Things Considered

The latest national and international news from NPR, with hosts Linda Wertheimer, Robert Siegel, and Noah Adams.

### 6:30-7:00pm • Marketplace

A repeat broadcast of the 3:00 program.

### 7:00-8:00pm • The MacNeil-Lehrer Newshour

The audio of the award-winning PBS TV news program, provided with the cooperation of the Newshour and Southern Oregon Public Television.

### 8:00-9:00pm • BBC Newshour

The latest international news from the British Broadcasting Corporation.

### 9:00-9:30pm • Pacifica News

Repeat of the 1:30pm broadcast.

### 9:30-11:00pm • All Things Considered

Repeat of the 5:00pm broadcast.

### 11:00pm • Sign-off

## Saturday

### 6:00-10:00am • Weekend Edition

The latest national and international news from NPR.

### 10:00-10:30am • Horizons

NPR's weekly documentary series devoted to minority and women's issues.

### 10:30-11:00am • Talk of the Town

Claire Collins hosts this interview program devoted to local and regional issues. (Repeats Mondays at 1:30pm)

### 11:00-Noon • Zorba Paster On Your Health

Family practitioner Zorba Paster, M.D., hosts this live national call-in about your personal health.

### 12:00-1:00pm • The Parents Journal

Parenting in the '90s is tougher than ever. On this weekly program, host Bobbi Connor interviews experts in education, medicine and child development for helpful advice to parents.

### 1:00-2:00pm • C-SPAN's Weekly Radio Journal

A collection of voices heard on cable TV's public affairs network. Instead of just reviewing the news, this program features newsmakers, public officials, and the public in Washington, D.C. and around the world.



**2:00-3:00pm • Commonwealth Club of California**

Live lectures and discussions from one of the oldest and largest public affairs forums in the U.S. The Club's non-partisan policy strives to bring a balanced viewpoint on all issues.

**3:00-3:30pm • Second Thoughts**

Neoconservative commentator David Horowitz looks at current issues.

**3:30-4:00pm • Second Opinions**

Edwin Knoll, editor of the Progressive magazine, interviews leading activists, writers, and scholars.

**4:00-5:00pm • Car Talk**

Click & Clack, the Tappett Bros (a.k.a. Tom and Ray Magliozzi), prove on this national call-in program that you can fix your car and laugh at the same time.

**5:00-6:00pm • All Things Considered**

The latest national and international news from NPR.

**6:00-8:00pm • To the Best of Our Knowledge**

Interviews, features, and discussions of contemporary politics, culture and events.

**8:00-9:00pm • All Things Considered**

A repeat of the 5:00pm broadcast.

**9:00-Midnight • BBC World Service**

News and features from the BBC.

**Sunday**

**6:00-10:00am • Weekend Edition**

The latest news from National Public Radio - and a visit from "The Puzzle Guy."

**10:00-11:00am • Sound Money**

Bob Potter hosts this weekly guide to investments, taxes, and wise money management, from American Public Radio.

**11:00-2:00pm • CBC Sunday Morning**

The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's wrap-up of the week's news, including innovative documentaries on contemporary issues.

**2:00-8:00pm • El Sol Latino**

Music, news and interviews by and for Southern Oregon's Spanish-speaking community - en español.

**8:00-9:00pm • All Things Considered**

The latest national and international news from NPR.

**9:00-midnight • BBC World Service**

News and features from the British Broadcasting Service.

**ARTS SCENE**  
MICHELE SMIRL, EDITOR

Send announcements of arts-related events to: Arts Scene, Jefferson Public Radio, 1250 Siskiyou Blvd., Ashland OR 97520. July 15 is the deadline for the September issue. For more information about arts events, listen to JPR's "Calendar of the Arts" weekdays at 10 a.m. and noon.

**Rogue Valley**

**Theater**

•In its 58th season, the Oregon Shakespeare Festival has scheduled the following plays: *Richard III* (through Oct. 31); *A Flea in Her Ear* (through Oct. 31); *Joe Turner's Come and Gone* (through July 18; then Sept. 16-Oct. 30); *Light in the Village* (through June 27); *Lips Together, Teeth Apart* (through Sept. 12); *The Illusion* (July 28-Oct. 30); *Antony and Cleopatra* (through Oct. 2); *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (through Oct. 3); *The White Devil* (through Oct. 1); *Mad Forest* (July 7-Oct. 30); *The Baltimore Waltz* (through Oct. 31). For information on membership, or to receive a brochure on the current season, call (503) 482-2111.

•*Little Shop of Horrors*. Musical-comedy thriller. 8:30 nightly, except Tuesdays, through Sept. 18. Oregon Cabaret Theatre, 1st and Hargadine Streets, Ashland. 503-488-2902.

•*Huckleberry Finn* will be presented by the Actors' Theatre of Ashland from July 1 through Sept. 6. Advance tickets: \$8.50 adults, \$5 children under 12. All seats \$1 more at the door. The Minshall Playhouse, 101 Talent Ave., Talent. 503-482-9659.

•*The Drunkard; or, The Fallen Saved*, a cabaret-theatre production of the celebrated 19th Century melodrama. At the Ashland Community Theatre July 9-31. Performances Fridays and Saturdays at 8 p.m., Sundays at 2:30, at the Old Ashland Armory. For tickets, contact the Ashland Community Theatre, 199 Alameda Dr., Ashland. 503-482-0361.

•*West Side Story* will be presented by the Rogue Music Theatre at the Britt Festival on July 21-24. For tickets and special rates, call the Rogue Music

Theatre at 503-479-2559.

**Music**

•**Brian Freeman in Concert** celebrates Freeman's 25 years of performing and his 40th birthday. Freeman, who blends original, traditional, and contemporary folk music on guitar and mandolin with vocals, has entertained audiences from Scotland to Walla Walla, Wash. Tickets are \$5 and available at Cripple Creek Music and the Northwest Nature Shop in Ashland, and at the door. July 10; 8 p.m.; Town Hall, 300 N. Pioneer, Ashland. 503-482-1915.

•**The Britt Festival's 1993 season** continues in Jacksonville. July 1: *America* and *Laura Love*, 7:30 p.m. July 2: *David Wilcox* and *Christine Lavin*, 7:30 p.m.; July 3: *The Ronnie Milsap Show* and *Sarah Elizabeth Campbell*, 7:30 p.m. July 15: *Paul Winter Consort* and *Libana*, 7:30 p.m. July 16: *Taj Mahal* and *Queen Ida*, 7:30 p.m. July 17: *George Carlin* (adult entertainment) and *Dennis Blair*, 7:30 p.m. July 26: *Voices from the Oregon Trail*, 8 p.m. Ticket prices range from \$8 for children up to \$24, depending on the performance. Call 503-773-6077 or 1-800-882-7488 for ticket information.

**Exhibits**

•**Selections from the Permanent Collection** will be presented by the Schneider Museum of Art from July 1 through August. This diverse collection includes original prints, contemporary paintings, and 200 northwest Native American baskets and ceremonial objects. Hours: 11-5 Tuesday through Friday; 1-5 Saturday. Schneider Museum of Art, Southern Oregon State College, Siskiyou Boulevard and Indiana Street, Ashland. 503-552-6245.

•**Photography by Gary Brown** of San Francisco and **K. Taliesin** of Ashland; during July. Reception July 2 from 5 to 7. Gallery hours are 10-6 Monday through Sunday. 4th Street Garden Gallery & Cafe, 265 4th Street, Ashland. 503-488-6263.

•**Jerry Rose Barrish's Found Object Sculpture** and **George Shuey's Acrylic on Canvas**. July 5-30. Call for gallery hours. The Wiseman Gallery, Rogue Community College, 3345 Redwood Hwy., Grants Pass. 503-479-5541.



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### *Other events*

• **Medford Growers and Crafters Market** in Ashland. On Water St. under the Lithia Way overpass; every Tuesday; 8:30-1:30.

• **Judy Morris Watercolor Workshop** for beginning students. July 12-16, from 9 to 3. An introduction to materials and methods with guided help, and informal lectures emphasizing design and creativity. \$195 members, \$215 non-members. The Gallery Shop, Rogue Gallery, 40 South Bartlett St., Medford. 503-772-8118.

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## **Klamath Basin**

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### *Theater*

• **My Fair Lady** opens July 8 for nine performances. Ross Ragland Theater, 218 North 7th St., Klamath Falls. 503-884-0651.

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## **Umpqua Valley**

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### *Music*

• **Umpqua Community College Summer Musical.** July 29-31 and Aug. 6-7 at 8 p.m., and Aug. 1 and 8 at 2 p.m. All performances in Jacoby Auditorium. Tickets available at Ricketts Music, Fullerton Drug, and the UCC Fine Arts Office. Umpqua Community College, 1140 Umpqua College Road, Roseburg. 503-440-4600.

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### *Exhibits*

• **Oregon Trail Quilt Show.** July 15-Aug. 14. Hallie Brown Ford Gallery, Umpqua Valley Arts Center, 1624 West Harvard, Roseburg. 503-672-2532

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### *Other events*

• **Myrtle Creek Summer Arts Festival.** July 23-25; Millsite Park. For more information, call 503-863-4447.

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## **Coast**

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### *Theater*

• **Frankenstein Slept Here,** at the Gold Beach Summer Theatre on July 2-24. Performances are held at the Curry Fairgrounds in Gold Beach. For more information, call the Gold Beach Chamber of Commerce at 1-800-525-2334.

• **Little Ole Opry on the Bay.** Every Saturday night in July and the first Friday and Saturday in August at 8 p.m. (doors open at 7), amateur performers sing and dance with a live country-western band in a 400-seat auditorium. Little Theatre on the Bay, Hwy. 101 South and Washington Street, North Bend. For information on tickets, call 503-756-4336.

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### *Exhibits*

• **Northwest Wood Carving** by Jerry Stoope; through July 18. Cook Gallery, 705 Oregon St., Port Orford. 503-332-0045.

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### *Other events*

• **Coastal Dance Retreat.** A four-day intensive dance-instruction program for students with intermediate to advanced skills, ages 12 to adult. For more information and assistance for out-of-town students, contact Pacific Dance Spectrum, 201 Central Avenue, Coos Bay. 503-269-7163

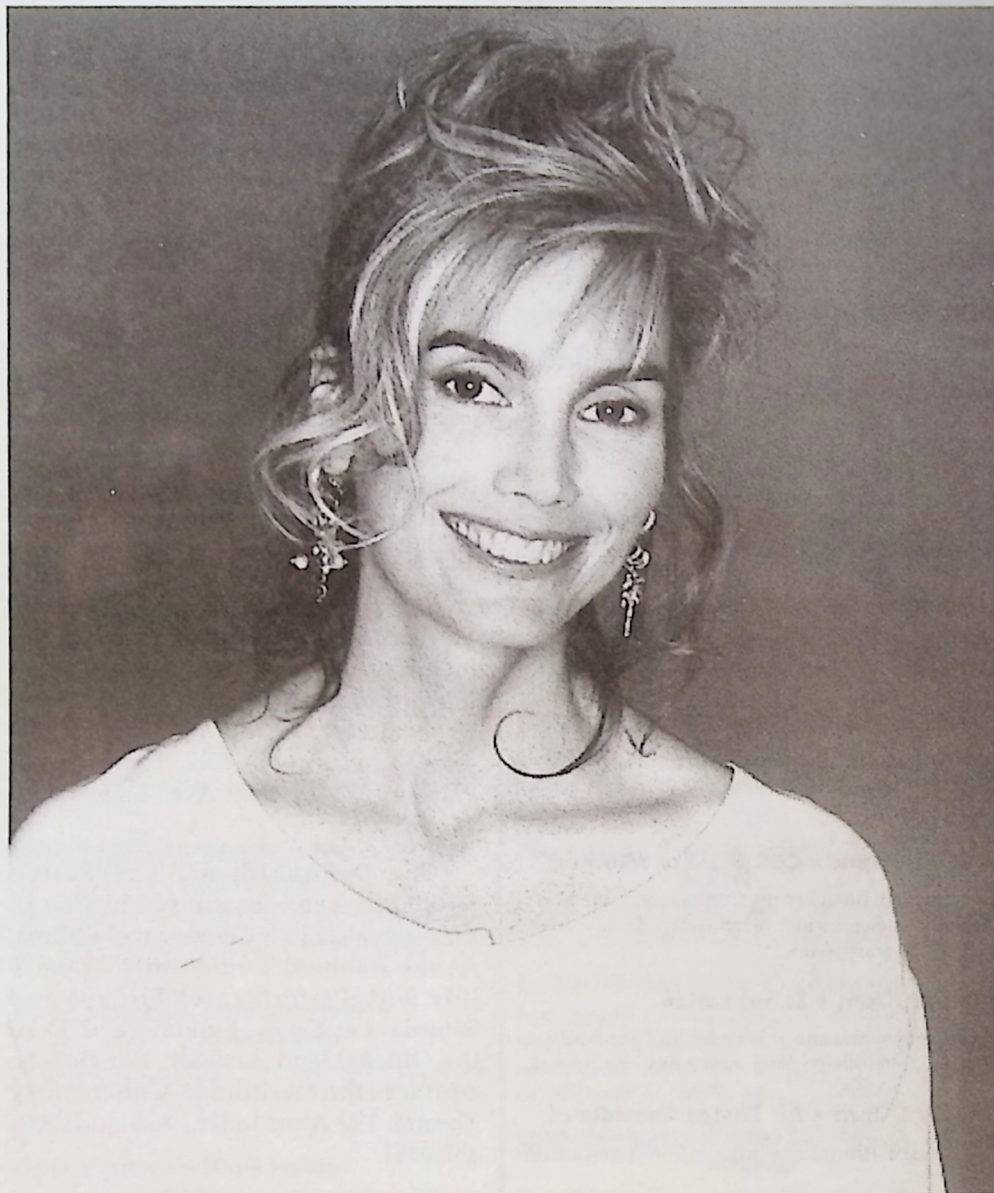
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## **Northern California**

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### *Exhibits*

• **The Paintings of Paul Watson** continues through July 18 at the Brown Trout Gallery, 5841 Sacramento Ave., Dunsmuir. 916-235-0754.



Jefferson Public Radio is cosponsoring a concert by Emmylou Harris on Aug. 16 at Emigrant Lake. Proceeds benefit Headwaters and a fund for displaced timber workers. You can save \$2.50 on the ticket price if you buy by July 15. For more information, call 503-488-4432.





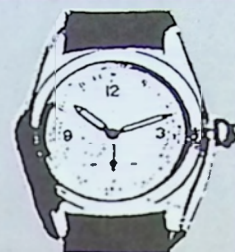
I will pay up to \$3,000 for this Rolex model in stainless or \$8,000 in gold.



# WANTED • WATCHES •

*Your Unwanted Wristwatches Could Be Worth A Lot More Than You Think!*

Now that most new watches have quartz movements, a collectors' market has developed for the older, mechanical ones. I am a serious collector and the top buyer of these older wristwatches in the valley.



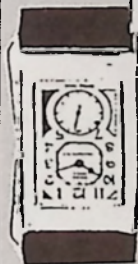
I will pay up to \$800 in stainless and up to \$2,500 in gold for this Rolex bubble back.



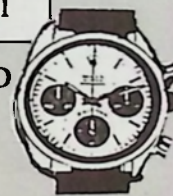
Rolex hooded bubbles are usually worth double the regular bubble.

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- |                         |                             |           |                    |
|-------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------|--------------------|
| ❖ Patek Philippe        | ❖ Audermars Piguet          | ❖ Piaget  | ❖ Le Coultre       |
| ❖ Vacheron & Constantin | ❖ Rolex (old or new models) | ❖ Gubelin | ❖ Universal Geneve |
| ❖ Cartier               | ❖ Movado                    | ❖ Tiffany | ❖ Anything Unusual |



IF YOU HAVE ONE OF THESE WATCHES, WHY NOT CONSIDER SELLING IT TO ME. THE AMOUNT I WILL PAY FOR ANY ITEM DEPENDS ON THE FACTORS MENTIONED BELOW. (I AM ALSO A STRONG BUYER OF DIAMONDS AND FINE JEWELRY, QUILTS, OR ANYTHING UNUSUAL OR UNIQUE.)



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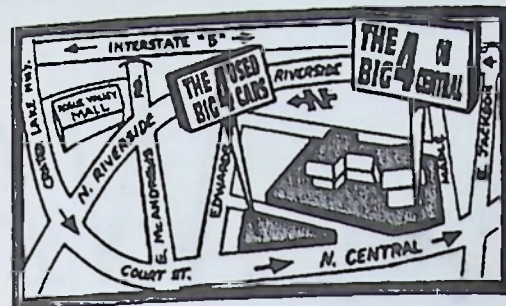
Solid gold and platinum watches are the most sought after. Watches need not be running. Men's watches before 1960 are the best. Timex and Caravelle watches have no value to me. Normally, I do not buy women's watches unless by the makers above. If you're interested in selling your watch, call me. I will try and answer any of your questions. I am sincere and fair. I will try to show you your watch, or one similar, in my research books, in order to agree on a fair price for your watch. I will meet with you any place of your choosing. I will be happy to pay by cash or cashier's check, whichever you prefer.

**PAGER #474-4710**

**PLEASE CALL: CHRIS • 471-0216 • (503) 476-5280**



# THE **4** ON BIG CENTRAL HONDA - PONTIAC SUZUKI - ISUZU



## HONDA

'93 HONDA ACCORD EX



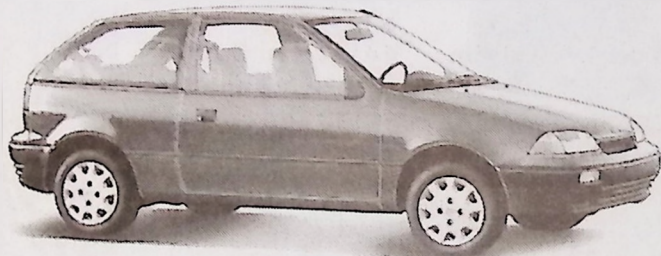
## PONTIAC

'93 PONTIAC GRAND AM



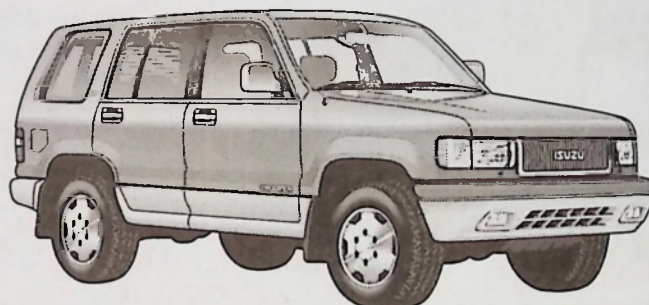
## SUZUKI

'93 SUZUKI SWIFT

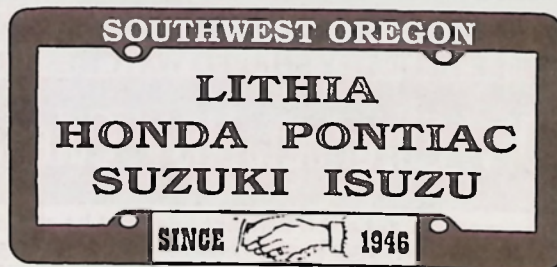


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